Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

For Throttlebottom

A READER of the *New English Weekly* must sooner or later be brought up gangling by the thought of a certain consequence if Major Douglas's Social Credit plan were put into successful effect. This is the suddenness with which all of us would need to find other things than worrying about money to occupy our minds. A conservative estimate of the time spent on this process could surely be no less than a fifth of our waking hours—a tidy little sum for the United States of 449,315 years of worry every day, if children are included, as they well deserve to be in view of the fact that their parents worry twice as much as single people. Aside from contributing materially to the great mass of gray hair evident in the world today, this worrying constitutes an important part of our life, and it would be no light matter to deprive us of it as suddenly as the Douglasites propose.

Perhaps it would be as well to emphasize here that the problem touched upon is not to be confused with the what-to-do-with-more-leisure question which a committee designated by the NRA has set out so courageously to solve. The difference can be appreciated by imagining a man who faces a four-foot putt which he needs to win a golf match, and upon which five dollars will be lost if he misses. Just as he has completed a careful analysis of the slope, the distance and the condition of the turf and has decided how to putt, he remembers that his insurance premium must be paid the next day. It also occurs to him that there is only enough money in his bank account to make the payment —not enough to do that and pay also the five dollars if he misses this putt. There is naturally very little chance by now for him to sink it.

Our point is, of course, that leisure, even if paternalism provides it with healthy diversions, can still be used for worrying about money. But an economy which had as its set purpose the assurance of sufficient universal purchasing power to buy all products, however vast in quantity, would do away with the grounds for worry and necessitate a quite new slant on things.

Now and then, for instance, some one comes along and announces that the state of our productive capacity

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is such that every citizen could be assured of things to the value of $20,000 a year, if money and production were sensibly managed. The "economic Puritan" of Gorham Munson's unflattering description in the REVIEW last month goes limp at the suggestion, thinking how impossible highways would be all choked up with Rolls-Royces, or speakeasies with plumbers' assistants. But how would the plumber's assistant's wife adjust her mental processes to the idea that no bread was coming out of her children's mouths while champagne was going into their father's? How would a bank clerk keep from being horrified at the demolition of his painstaking budget when his wife was given so startling a chance as a Rolls-Royce to splurge on for once in her life? What would happen to the hours of bickering over the expense of a permanent wave as compared with lodge dues? How could housewives keep from scrimping who had always had to scrimp? How could men enjoy luncheon at the Ritz who had always had to eat in cafeterias?

It is all very well to criticize wealthy people who insist that it would be bad for the poorer classes to have too much money thrown in their laps, and to decry a philosophy of scarcity in an age of plenty, but for the sake of self-preservation most of us in the present order have had to acquire scarcity habits and they could hardly be any easier to discard overnight than believing in the intrinsic value of money—which latter habit, although it must be discarded before we get a chance to alter the others, according to the Douglasites, has hardly altered at all.

Similarly there are personal idiosyncrasies in the way of economy even more difficult to eradicate. Every one has known a millionaire who stole postage stamps or insulted members of his family for owning an extra tube of toothpaste, when he would think little or nothing of buying them expensive cars or trips abroad. While the population was being reëducated, production estimates for maximum consumption would be constantly knocked awry: a half million Harvard graduates would spurn their quota of new hats, die-hard devotees of the Model T Ford would linger amazingly in this vale of multi-cylindered speedsters and toothbrushes would continue by the millions to be tortured long past their prime.

For most of us nowadays, going to the movies involves not only the degree of relaxation which hard seats and bumble-headed producers will allow us; it involves also readjustment of our budget for the week: beans instead of a pork chop for tomorrow's lunch, taking a subway instead of the Fifth Avenue bus, and all the rest of it. Even while we sit in the theatre half immersed in its too palpable fiction, part of our minds is engaged in working out some such budgetary problem, or worrying hopelessly about it. Consider the movies without such necessity for half-subconscious effort: with our attention undivided could we stand them at all? There is room for doubt. And there must be many other leisure-time pursuits which are only to be borne by half our consciousness. A poker game could hardly keep its devotees up all the night if it made no great difference to them whether they lost or not.

In somewhat similar fashion business itself would be altered by the assurance of sufficient income for all. There is a good deal of argument over the feasibility of the accounting system in the Douglas plan necessary to control

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prices and the national dividend, but, if it did work, its burden on Government employes would be more than offset by the time saved business men in releasing them from haggling, from hours wasted in worrying over the financial consequences of a mistake in judgment. And this too would be part of the problem. What would they do with the shrewdness and cunning they have had to build up for the conduct of negotiations and the browbeating of employes? How could they change overnight their whole attitude to their daily work? What, in short, would they do with their business hours, let alone their leisure?

IT IS, to repeat, more than the problem of filling extra leisure with harmless activities: it is the problem of preparing our minds to enjoy those activities, of achieving an unprecedented degree of placidity. Whether it has any significance at this time is highly debatable. Few people not converted to the Social Credit theory would think so, but practically all the people who are not converted to the Social Credit theory seem to wallow in a bottomless bog of uncertainty about everything, while the Douglasites themselves have a sublime assurance. They do not, it is true, assert the likelihood that their plans will be put into effect *in toto* overnight; on the contrary, they insist that the overwhelming portion of influential mankind is too stupid to see their point. But they do state unequivocally that if their plans are not acceded to, and soon, catastrophes will occur the like of which our most lurid Sunday feature writers can not approach in imagination.

Meanwhile they point out that parts of their programme have been plagiarized in a left-handed fashion here and there, as in the Japanese export policy and our recent threat to sell wheat abroad under cost. They also give a good deal of attention to President Roosevelt on the theory that he is the only power in the world flexible enough mentally to give their programme a hearing, and perhaps a trial. Moreover, as "Cognosco" points out this month, our own monetary policy is now being decided upon, and it seems to be more likely than ever that it will contain radical features. Though there is not the slightest indication that it will go as far as Social Credit, the number of American converts to that philosophy does seem to be increasing rapidly and it is not in the least safe to predict any Hindenburg Line these days behind which the forces of conservatism can not be pushed.

Consequently, it may not be at all premature to begin selecting a committee, let us say, to study our problem. The chances are that by the time it reports its findings some very great change will have occurred in the world, whether in the direction of security for all or chaos. For the sake of economy its members ought, as far as possible, to be already on the public payroll. Our own nomination for its chairman is John Nance Garner. Where is he, anyhow?

W. A. D.

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Prologue for Autumn

By Frances Frost

Along the hills the woolly throats
shake gentle, tarnished bells, and bleat;
the shadow of a mare's-tail floats
where pause the little drifting feet.

Here, while noon slips down the stalks
that tremble in the nudge of wind,
and honeysuckle burns the rocks,
the pale moon-yellow oats are binned.

So quietly does summer fail,
so calmly does the sun descend,
the hungers of the soul prevail
upon foreknowledge of the end.

Although the winter weeds shall fold
the heart till even dying cease,
fearing disaster and the cold,
my soul goes gravely and in peace.

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The Fief of Futility

By J. M. Nolte

To insure his reëlection President Roosevelt will need to make great changes in the Middle West

Students of American political history will probably agree that we are shortly to witness another episode in the perennial feud between President and Senate. This duel has come to have all the fascination of a radio serial, with its endless chain of embroglios and climaxes. The President, assuming his tribuneship of the people, periodically essays battle with the Senate over this and that, usually to his own ultimate discomfiture. The Senate, hitherto, has always succeeded in wearing down the protagonist of popular rights; but there have been periods when the President has taken several successive rounds. One might say that the gravity of the emergency confronting the nation bears a direct relationship to the ability of the President to stay in the ring. Lincoln and Wilson, our war leaders, thus fought the Senate on more than even terms while the emergency lasted; but Johnson, Lincoln's successor after the most serious days were past, was badly worsted; and the story of Wilson after peace removed the sanction of the Presidential war power is certainly the pathetic account of a people's champion out on his feet, "punch drunk" from the pommeling of a group of hard-hitting "wilful men" in the political battle-royal to which he was subjected.

By this hypothesis, the present depression as a national emergency justifies the prediction that President Roosevelt will succeed in subduing the Senate from now until the bye-elections of 1934. His success beyond that time, and possibly his chance for another term will depend largely upon what he does for the territory roughly included in the Old Northwest—the area west of the Alleghenies, north of the Ohio, and east of the Rockies—with the central prairie farming states added. For continued political success, he must win to himself some one hundred and fifty electoral votes from this region. He can not defeat a Senate jealous of its prerogatives without these votes and the popular support they entail.

It would perhaps be more accurate to say that he must hold these votes, since technically he has of course already won them, but the President is an astute man and undoubtedly realizes that the latest election was merely true to formula, and explainable by the war-cry, "Turn the rascals out!" Since the Civil War, no party has lost control of Congress at the mid-term elections and won the ensuing Presidential contest.

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Thus, the Republicans lost the House in the bye-elections of 1882, and Cleveland was elected in 1884. The Democrats lost the House in 1886, and Harrison was elected in 1888. The alliance of Populists and Democrats overturned the Republican Congress in 1890, and Cleveland went back to the White House in 1892. In 1894, the reaction against a party divided against itself changed the complexion of both House and Senate, and in 1896 McKinley was elected in spite of Populism, Bryan, bankruptcy, unemployment, low prices and all the other concomitants of the long slide of dollar values which really had begun in 1864 and had endured with only one brief reaction for thirty-two years. The Republicans then held the House until 1910, when a combined Insurgent and Democratic opposition captured it, and Wilson was elected in 1912. In 1918, the Democratic President issued a frantic last-minute appeal to the voters to uphold his hands by continuing in power the Democratic Congress, but to no avail. The Republicans won the House, and in 1920 they elected Harding. The downfall of Herbert Hoover was written when the Democrats took Congress from the Republican party in 1930. The first test of real popular favor Mr. Roosevelt will meet in 1934. The vote last November was an expression of hope; the mid-term election, if he wins it, will be a vote of confidence. If he loses this test, the Senate will probably harry him into compromise, defeat or abdication.

Aside from the fact that it is mostly Republican by tradition, the reason why the Middle West is the area more than another that President Roosevelt must win is that this area more than any other seems to have a chronic grievance. Boom times and rapid reëmployment may hold the East for the Democrats, but the temper of the Mid-Western electorate is such that it will demand more permanent solutions of its many problems.

The troubles of the Middle West are psychopathic as well as economic. For fifty years the Middle West has felt itself misunderstood and maltreated. It demands sympathy as well as rehabilitation. To its inhabitants, the agricultural Middle West has been for two generations a fief of futility, an estate which should be allodial, but which has never been so in spite of the fiction of absolute tenure under American law. The Middle West has legally owned title to its land, but it has never had control of the usufruct. It has a distinct feeling of subjection to the East, a condition arising out of the accidents of American Colonial development, a feudal relationship which, it thinks, has been prolonged unnecessarily and in defiance of the spirit of the fundamental principles of our government. Middle Westerners have been nourished upon the prejudices which prompted Mrs. Lease in 1890 to shriek, "Wall Street owns the country. . . . Money rules. . . . Our laws are the output of a system that clothes rascals in robes and honesty in rags. The parties lie to us, and the political speakers mislead us. We were told . . . to go to work and raise a big crop and that was all we needed. We went to work and plowed and planted . . . and we raised the big crop they told us to; and what came of it? Eight-cent corn, ten-cent oats, two-cent beef, and no price at all for butter and eggs—that's what came of it. . . . We want money, land and transportation. We want the abolition of the National Banks, and we want the power

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to make loans directly from the Government. We want the accursed foreclosure system wiped out. . . . The people are at bay, and the blood hounds of money who have dogged us thus far beware!" Middle Westerners have assimilated into their flesh and blood the conclusions expressed by the Populist manifesto of 1895, "As early as 1865–66 a conspiracy was entered into between the gold gamblers of Europe and America to accomplish the following purposes: to fasten upon the people of the United States the burdens of perpetual debt; to destroy the greenbacks which had safely brought us through the perils of war; to strike down silver as a money metal; to deny to the people the use of Federal paper and silver—the two independent sources of money guaranteed by the Constitution; to fasten upon the country the single gold standard of Britain, and to delegate to thousands of banking corporations, organized for private gain, the sovereign control, for all time, over the issue and volume of all the supplemental paper currency."

You can hear echoes of these sentiments in any gathering of Middle Westerners today. You may also detect similar echoes in some of the speeches of President Roosevelt—which helps to account for his present support from the agricultural states. Whether justified or not, this feeling of vassalage is a vitally real and important thing; and it is largely because the Republican party has never recognized or understood this imponderable element in politics that it has lost the Middle West.

LEST this assertion seem fanciful, it is well to study the sources of Middle Western discontent, and to reflect that, unlike the well springs of adversity elsewhere, they have been flowing for a long, long time. There is not one important grievance voiced by the people of this West-North-Central agricultural region that has not endured in some form for more than a generation.

The first complaint, of course, is the continuously low level of "real" farm prices. The country has finally become aware of the gravity of this situation, but, from the point of view of the Middle West, it became aware only through the pocketbook, and not until the stagnation of farming deprived the remainder of the people of its most dependable market. The story of the farmer's grievance need be but briefly rehearsed. Every period of depression brings a rapid decline in primary prices of foodstuffs, incommensurate with the decline in other commodities. The farm price index at the recent low was about thirty-seven, having declined from 100 in 1923. On the same basis, the general index of the cost of living stood at its low point at about seventy-three. In other words, what the farmer had to sell was worth less than forty per cent of its 1923 price, and about half of its 1912 price. What the farmer had to buy was worth more than seventy per cent of its 1923 price, and practically as much as its 1912 price. There was really a greater disparity even than this, for the general index includes the farmer's produce. At the low point of the depression, manufactured goods and machinery were still worth about eighty per cent of their 1923 prices, and from ten per cent to twenty per cent more than their 1912 prices.

The complaint is not merely that this inequality in reaction exists, it is that it exists in every cycle. Each major depression takes away the substance and savings accumulated by the farmer in

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periods of prosperity. Forty-six-cent wheat in 1933 is the echo of forty-nine-cent wheat in 1893; twenty-two-cent corn recalls twenty-one-cent corn in 1893. The Middle Western farmer can not understand why a price system can not be evolved which will reduce the values of his produce no more than in proportion to the values of the things for which he exchanges them.

This unfortunate price condition carries with it social consequences which have never received serious consideration. The nation has often been vexed by the behavior of the agricultural sections; it has received the outcries of the farmer with some amusement, and more scorn, and a good deal of indignation, much as adults often receive the manifestations of continual petulance in children. Science is daily teaching us, however, that behind the habitual surliness and whining of a child often lurks the spectre of impressive pathological derangement. Similarly, adversity has slowly compelled us to realize that the farmer remains sulky and plaintive because of a diseased condition of the community to which he belongs. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in its studies of the national income, has helped this recognition by reducing annual monetary farm income to a "real" basis, a basis comparable to that enjoyed in purchasing power by other working groups. The result shows that the grousing heard from farmers in some years of the highest farm produce prices was completely justified. We thought it rather picturesque of the farmer to complain when wheat was bringing nearly two dollars a bushel on the exchanges, and shrugged aside his wailing as the unreasonable outgiving of a naturally cantankerous and needlessly embittered skin-flint. Measured by the yardstick of real income, however, we discover that the farming class sustained a net loss of at least three-tenths of one per cent for the entire decade *ending in 1929*—the period of Republican prosperity. And that decade, for the farmer, as for the rest of us, was merely a prelude to the real depression. The farmers' depression has not only been deeper than ours; it has been far longer.

One of the social consequences of this long-continued period during which the people as a whole have failed to understand his plight, and of other similar periods in the past, has been to plant in the farmer a cynicism that will be difficult to eradicate. This cynicism has shown itself in several outright third party movements in politics, and in a tendency to elect governmental representatives who do not mix readily with the partisans of the dominant national political groups. Whatever the occasions that brought them forth, Liberal Republicanism, the Granger movement, the Alliances, the Greenback party, Populism, the Non-Partisan League, the Farmer-Labor party and several others of lesser note are all manifestations of this slant-eyed view of society. Had the Republican East diagnosed the disease of the Middle West in the early Nineteen Hundreds, the central farming area could have become an impregnable citadel of political strength, being as it is a naturally rich territory, devoted to benevolently *laissez-faire* capitalism by its very economic structure. This capitalistic structure has kept the Middle West traditionally and nominally Republican, but it has been in spite of the Republican leadership.

Coupled with the Ishmaelite leanings of the farmer class, there is a malignant and destructive inferiority

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complex. The Middle West ostentatiously disowns Sinclair Lewis, but it is precisely because his rowdy genius continually flecks it on the raw that it does so. And in a more subtle sense, whatever Mr. Lewis may say in disparagement of his bucolic Lares, about his scenes, culturally speaking, linger the odors of the creamery and the cow-barn, while hayseed and wheat straw stick out almost visibly from the pages of his most significant books. His deprecatory scorn of the æsthetic unloveliness of Gopher Prairie is the epitome of the Middle West's sense of its own inferiority.

The Middle West will enter the lists any time to dispute its title to cultural supremacy with the East, but that is all "to tell the neighbors." The Middle West well knows, it has had abundant experience in finding out, that in the long run cultural leadership depends upon a stable and secure economic environment—the one thing that it has never been able to achieve. When the sun of prosperity shines high over the central plains, vast programmes of public enlightenment are prepared; but always these programmes suffer curtailment when that sun suddenly and obscurely sets. Perhaps the fact that to a greater degree than elsewhere institutions of enlightenment in the Middle West are creatures of public taxation has an important bearing on this concertina-like expansion and contraction of the means of administering culture. At any rate, the towns that yesterday were adding gymnasiums and auditoriums and libraries to their schools are today seeing plaster fall and furnishings grow shabby. The universities and the high schools are full to overflowing, because there is no employment to tempt youth from its studies, but the possible expenditures per capita have shrunk until many educational services will have to be discontinued. The "cultured" who make a profession of sneering at "boobosity" will perhaps take comfort from this decline in educational effort, tainted as it was no doubt bound to be by inferior talent. The important fact is not what the absolute gain or loss will be, but what the people of the Middle West think about it. It is typical of the periodical retrenchment in cultivation of the amenities that has been the depressing history of the agricultural area, and illustrates the sense of social inferiority and of hopelessness that is as rife today as when Oliver H. Kelley started the Grange in 1867.

This sense of inferiority has of course colored the views of the Middle West upon economic questions. The latter, moreover, have in themselves presented problems so difficult of comprehension and solution that they alone are enough to fasten upon a people the habit of hopelessness. Middle Westerners are for the most part entirely patient and full of forbearance. Farmers must be hard workers if they are to succeed. It can not fail to make a mockery of toil, however, when every item in the consumer's bill of expense for farm products carries with it a higher proportion of profit for the packer, transporter, commission merchant, wholesaler and retailer than for the producer. This condition, which has existed in the main for several generations, excluding times of peak farm prices, makes farming as a business in periods of adversity an impossibility. From the farmer's position, American business seems to have developed into nothing but a system of "buck-passing" by which prices to the consumer have been pyramided unconscionably. The whole long line of parasitic manipulators of the market and

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handlers of his goods have added their living costs to the primary value of the farmer's products. In times of prosperity the habit could be overlooked. When world prices started their long descent, however, and the consumer could no longer carry the full load, the natural result was the attempt of each figure in the chain of distribution to insist upon lower prices from his source of supply. The accumulated "buck," so to speak, was passed to the farmer. He had no one to whom to pass it except his family, and they have taken it all.

Our age measures social effects in terms of money, and one insistent plaint of the Middle West has been that it has never escaped from financial vassalage. It is perpetually in pawn to the East. This is of course only partly true, but the exact truth has been colored by the aura of prejudice that surrounds it because of the Middle West's sense of inferiority. After earlier panics had all but removed the taste of gall and wormwood left by exorbitant interest rates upon indebtednesses in pioneer territory, the West built up its own system of local banking, and formed its own banking habits. These habits differed somewhat from those of the populous centres. It became usual, for example, to regard whole farming empires as areas producing one profitable crop in three, four, or even five years. It became necessary, therefore, largely because of an ever changing and ever more expensive agricultural technique, to finance the farmer over exceedingly long terms. The farmer discounted his next good crop at the bank. The banker gambled on the date when the good crop would arrive. The bank came to be the farmer's own bank in the sense that most of the money invested in it came from local, or nearly local, sources. Banking was thus a sort of coöperative insurance for the farmer against bad years. Whenever the good year came, the farmer paid his debts.

Unfortunately, however, the War boom in crop prices changed the whole scale of values upon which this system of banking depended. Farm lands notoriously follow closely in market price the capitalized yield from production. War produce prices naturally kited realty prices. Taxes rose in proportion. Decline of available man power accelerated the changes and raised the capital expense of farming technique. The banking structure prepared to care for additional financing on the assumption that things had stabilized on the new plane. Our economists were telling us that we could feed no more than 130 or 140 millions of persons on the existing stage of agricultural efficiency. A gigantic American surplus production of food was out of the question. Two dollar wheat was a permanent reality. The farmer did his banking as of old. Unused to investment, he put his War-year cash surpluses into more land, into farm improvements that cost more for yearly maintenance, into home furnishings that satisfied the wants accumulated in long years of denial but that also, and in geometrical proportion, bred new wants still to be satisfied.

Then came deflation.

Down went crop prices. Down went land values. But taxes could not be measurably lowered. Interest rates remained static. The notes at the bank had still to be met. Many farmers still feel that merciless deflation, with all its attendant evils, would in the long run have been more merciful than the prolonged misery that has followed the attempt to support a structure that

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needed demolishing. In spite of State and Federal loans to help support the burden of land ownership, the standard of living contracted. Crop prices, themselves reacting to the individual necessities of the producers as well as to the disorganization of a glutted market, continued to fall, until there was apparently no bottom.

The agricultural population is grateful to the present Administration for arresting this decline, but it feels that a great part of the suffering could have been eliminated had it been possible to maintain the integrity of its own banking system. Unable to secure capital to continue the former habit of long term financing, the bankers of the Middle West put themselves in the hands of their creditors, and the latter saw no course open except liquidation. The local banks became outposts of the great central banks, and thus, during the ensuing speculative boom, participants in a gigantic stock selling campaign. Mergers removed the possibility of local control and local judgment; the emphasis changed from the borrower's character to his visible assets; the latter continued to shrink. The Middle Western farmer, with his history and his experience, can never be convinced that sound banking in agricultural areas can be conducted with an eye to the liquidity of visible assets. It isn't the assets that make the farm, it is the farmer; and when his banks, harried by all sorts of official and private pressure, became outlets for "security" selling organizations rather than appraisers of industry and integrity, the farmer felt himself betrayed.

TRANSPORTATION rates have also played a part in confirming the farmer in his cynicism. It seems to the farmer that nothing will remove from his suffering flesh the poisonous thorn of transportation costs. Because for a time carriage by railroad was the only feasible method, he rightly looked upon railroads as monopolistic in character. The principle of public regulation was therefore manufactured to curb the tendency towards monopoly. Freight charges, where there is only one carrier, cease to be a commodity and become a public concern; railroads become public utilities, and the regulations of their practices and rates must be undertaken by the State. This logic, undoubtedly infallible in its time, was responsible for the Interstate Commerce Commission, the farmers' friend.

Yet the farmer regards even this friend with mixed feelings. He recalls, for example, that his first weapon against inequitable rates and practices was local regulation, and that his section long ago forged this weapon and prepared to use it, only to have its edge dulled by appeal to the Supreme Court, and finally to have it wrested out of hand and given to a well-intended and well-intentioned nation-wide commission too awesome and too distant to give him much satisfaction. The farmer feels, moreover, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has from the very day of its creation impawned the weapon of effective regulation to politics, or buried it in a mounting pile of agenda. He is willing to look upon the Commission as a potential friend of the Middle West, but he recalls that it took a generation for the friend to become at all effective; and he points out that even now the advantage before this body seems to lie with those who can afford the time and personnel to make an elaborate presentation. If he is to have relief from the economic malady that op-

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presses him, he wants it now, in this, his own, generation; and he doesn't want it wrapped in red tape.

Then, too, the elements of the transportation problem have changed. The logic which made railroad regulation necessary no longer has the same force to the farmer. The possibility of shipping by truck has removed the fear of monopoly. With active competition always at hand, railroading is not the pure public service it used to be. The farmer can make a fairly good case for the theory that transportation has again become a commodity, and he now wants the railroads to be permitted to carry his wares at lower and even at competitive rates, as indeed many of the railroads are willing and anxious to do. The persistent attempt to hold up freight rates because of the sick condition of railroad finances looks to him like another attempt of "the interests" to hold up the farmer. The complexity of the transportation problem, tangled as it is with the question of governmental subsidy for the truckman in the form of roads, makes no enduring impression upon the agricultural mind. What the farmer sees is that low prices for his products bring the costs of getting his produce to the market into a grotesque foreshortening. The expense of moving his crop is often far greater than the value of the crop itself, so often that the story of the farmer who owed the railroad money after his produce had been delivered and sold and the proceeds applied on the freight bill is no longer a joke. Under such circumstances, it is hard for the farmer to see why devices should be manufactured to foster the interests of investors in railroad shares when the cost of relief must in part be taken from the possible profits of his farm.

There are doubtless some economic fallacies as well as psychological derangement involved in the attitude of the Middle West, yet, taken as a whole, that region can rightfully lay claim to a certain prescience in national affairs. From the earliest days of the Alliances and the Granges, the Middle West has espoused measures which, rightly or wrongly, have ultimately been assimilated by the American system. A national income tax, direct election of Senators, Federal farm loans, Government regulation of ultilities, Government control of and participation in banking, restricted immigration, shorter hours for labor, expropriation of railroad lands, the initiative, referendum and recall, civil service reform: all of these were first militantly crusaded for by the Liberal Republicans, the Alliances, the Grange, the People's Party and the later Populists. One and all, they appeared as issues between 1872 and 1890, most of them long before the general population of the United States would admit that there could be virtue in them.

There are other ideas born of former times of depression in the Middle West that are even now being put into practice. It is likely that to the historian of a century hence this present movement in American politics will appear as part of the pattern woven laboriously into the national fabric by the aggrieved pioneers of the Nineteenth Century. Inflation as a cure for currency stringency, free coinage of silver, Government ownership of utilities, governmental mortgage relief, governmental crop loans, waterway improvement in times of adversity, restriction of dealing in commodity and stock futures, reform of the tax system: none of these is new. They were hotly contended for by the fore-

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runners of the present "farm bloc" before this generation saw the light of day. Only now are many of them appearing upon the horizon of fact. It is hardly too much to say that the political origins of the entire present coercive movement to effect the salvation of the country may be found in the early programmes of Western parties.

In international affairs, also, the Middle West may justly say, "I told you so." From the first, the agricultural population has been parochial, not through disinterest or lack of humanity, or because it discredited the aspirations of those who desire the brotherhood of man and the parliament of nations, but because it felt that European nations as a whole are too soaked with nationalism to make their protestations of brotherhood anything but a pretense. To the Middle West, this is still the fact, let the *ideologues* and *philosophes* talk as much as they like. The people of the Middle West chuckled when Hitler punctured the bubble of President Roosevelt's grandiloquence about leading the world to peace and righteousness, by asking for the statistics of American leadership. They were relieved and glad when the London Conference compelled the President to perform a *volte face* and "go native." "This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile." To them, participation in European political affairs is contamination. From the very day of President Wilson's neutrality proclamation, the Middle West frowned upon any quixotic adventuring in Europe by the citizens or Government of the United States. It helped to reëlect Wilson on the peace-cry, "He kept us out of war." And it helped to knife him when he endeavored to continue into the days of truce the war-bred illusion of a resplendent Columbia leading the pure hosts of European chivalry to wards the democratization and the reform of the world. It sympathized with Wilson's aims; but it saw, more clearly, it thinks, than the remainder of the country, that the aims were impossible of accomplishment because the European hosts were not pure but soiled with self-seeking.

This is not to say, of course, that the Middle West, thus personalized and given a homogeneous point of view, has been in all instances correct, either as to domestic policies or as to the principles of foreign diplomacy. The point is that the sequence of events, as things look to the inhabitants of the farming area today, has justified their attitude upon domestic and foreign issues. To have been, as they think themselves to have been, so uniformly and consistently right, and then to have to swallow the bitter dose of never-ending poor-relationship—this is the thing past endurance. They are solidly in support of the President today, because the general direction of his course seems to be that which they themselves have urged. But the revolt of the Middle West is suspended; it is by no means surely ended.

It thus appears that for the Democratic Administration to maintain itself in office it must not only create the impression of having led the country out of an economic slough of despond. It must also produce a balanced national economy by giving to the Middle West relief as to relative prices of farm products and other commodities. It must also undertake a thorough and substantial reform of the tax system, thus lightening the crushing load upon rural acreage. It must also solve the transportation problem in such a manner as to give the farmer an equal "break"

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with the investor, granting the former lower freight rates. It must also rearrange the banking system so that there is freer play for local judgment and for local confidence in human values. These things must be done because they have a bearing upon a sectional psychology far more important than mere economic rehabilitation. The people of the Middle West must be restored to a position of equality within the Union; they must be brought to regard their territory as other than a fief of futility.

A few years ago, Professor Frederic Jackson Turner, our foremost authority upon the significance of the frontier in American development, predicted that we have not seen the last of sectionalism in the United States. There is comfort in the thought that, by destroying its geographical isolation, the infiltration of manufacturing and food processing into the agricultural area is making militant sectionalism impossible. When, some months ago, a public official in the Dakotas gravely suggested that the farming area secede from the Union, there was laughter, even in the Middle West. But if the Middle West again has to endure the attritive torture of another prolonged depression, or if, in spite of its opportunity, the present Administration permits the continuation of this one, the suggestion may be made once more, and it may not be taken entirely as a joke.

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Signals!

By Cognosco

Quarterback Roosevelt starts the third quarter

Washington

Behind locked doors and shrouded in secrecy, the board of strategy on money policy meets in New York and, as I write, the monetary programme begins to unfold itself. Cocky, competent but inconspicuous young Jim Warburg sits surrounded by Lew Douglas, Governor Harrison, Governor Black, Professor Rogers, Secretary Woodin, Under-Secretary Acheson and George Peek, as conservative a group, barring perhaps Professor Rogers, as has convened thus far on any matter pertaining to the New Deal. Their conservatism, however, is tempered by the realization that they must produce a programme satisfactory to the President and also their own conviction that the hypodermic needle of vigorous inflation must always be kept ready for an emergency—even though, as one member of the board puts it, "If we use it, the headache that we will have when we wake up will probably be worse than the one we had before we went to sleep."

The major problem before them is to provide the necessary credit stimulants to perk up Nira whenever she shows signs of drooping, and to prepare for her, should she show indications of becoming lusty, the immense meal of credit that will be required to satiate her Gargantuan appetite.

It has been pretty well established by now that, notwithstanding that the major effort has been directed at raising wages before prices, it will require some form of consumer credit to bring about a more healthy ratio between purchasing power and the cost of living. As I write, a proposition is before the President to permit the R.F.C. to aid NRA members to obtain credit to take care of their wage advances and additional employment. This, of course, indirectly amounts to granting credit to the consumer against his potential earning power. More direct methods of creating consumer credit are now under consideration, among them some form of credit unions—carrying the old idea of coöperative buying a step further to coöperative borrowing.

It is hoped in Administration circles that the mechanism for carrying out the policy of consumer credit will function as far as possible through the commercial banks and it is for this reason, among others, that open-market operations are now the preferred method of inflating credit. The President, so I am informed, believes that a return to the old-fashioned idea of "character banking" is desirable and that the signature

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of an honest man is better collateral than much of the paper that has been sacred to Wall Street this past decade. His criticism during the campaign of the tendency of the last Administration to rely on the seeping of credit from the top to the bottom was not mere campaign oratory but represented a sincere conviction which will make itself apparent during the next three months.

Our foreign policy now begins to crystallize and, as the London fog dissipates, sparkles in the effulgence of common sense. Montagu Norman confers in New York with our board of strategy on money policy. The pound and the dollar, to use a phrase of Walter Winchell, "are that way" about each other. John Bull Sterling and Marianne Franc contemplate Reno.

Cordell Hull turns his head toward the south where he will lead our forces. The issue will be Pan-America versus Ottawa—a Pan-American trade alliance being a major defense against the British Empire preferential trade pact. Here again we see evidence of Roosevelt's ability to plan far ahead. I learn on good authority that even prior to his nomination the President devoted much attention to studying the Cuban situation. Military intervention in Cuba would make more difficult a Pan-American economic accord and, as Cuba was and still is the most troublesome spot in the Americas, Roosevelt wanted to be prepared to tackle the problem as soon as he took office.

I am told, here in Washington, that the subject of Cuba came up in his first conversation with President Hoover early last winter and it is a matter of public record that in January "brain trustees" A. A. Berle, Jr., and Charles W. Taussig went directly from Havana to Warm Springs to report on the Cuban situation to the President-elect. When the Cuban crisis came, the President was well prepared for it. (And history may now record another trio that measures up to the famous "Tinker to Evers to Chance" combination—Welles to Caffery to Roosevelt lacks only the necessary euphonism to supplant in American esteem that famous baseball trinity.)

Another important result of long-range planning is the wheat accord arrived at in London during the last week in August. This of course ties up closely with the Montevideo Conference and with our domestic programme. It was not fortuitous that Prime Minister Bennett of Canada backed up the American delegate, Frederick E. Murphy, to the limit. Last January President-elect Roosevelt secretly sent Henry Morganthau, Jr., to Ottawa where preliminary discussions leading up to the wheat conference were held.

It was indeed an adequate metaphor that the President used when he compared himself with a quarterback in a football game. "Have your plays planned, but don't decide on which one to use until you know where the ball lies." With words to this effect he described his own methods. Having just begun the third quarter of the new Administration's year, it might be well to pause a moment and see just where the ball is.

We have as background the emergency legislation giving to the Executive extraordinary powers to deal with credit, currency, industry, railroads, agriculture and labor. The President failed to secure (in fact did not ask for) powers to alter tariffs or deal with foreign debts, a limitation which may

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well prove to be a serious handicap in the reconstruction programme.

Those who have followed the President closely are aware of the amazing foresight with which he planned for his Administration, months before election. One day at Hyde Park, early last Fall, one of his advisers who had been preparing some data for a speech dealing with government reorganization, suggested that the Governor attack President Hoover's efforts at governmental economy on the ground that he had asked for a "blank cheque" to effect such economies, rather than fight it out with Congress. Governor Roosevelt cocked his head, looked at his friend with his characteristic quizzical smile and replied, "No, that won't do; perhaps I'll want a 'blank cheque' too."

By March 4 Roosevelt had more than a rough idea of every piece of legislation he would require in order to carry on, and, by the time Congress adjourned, he was well supplied with "blank cheques," excepting, of course, those two important ones in the field of foreign affairs.

As the whistle blows for the third quarter, we find two of the most important projects well under way—the plan for agriculture and the plan for industry, Not even in wartime has there been created in so short a period such organizations as the immense and complicated structures known as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the National Industrial Recovery Administration.

Two important factors in the President's plans differentiate this colossal economic experiment from any other heretofore attempted. The President has recognized the danger of playing with inflation with an unbalanced budget—budgetary inflation having been the reef that wrecked European attempts at this device in the early post-War period; and he has recognized the inevitable defeat that would result from the process of raising prices and letting wages lag. It is around this latter problem that the domestic play in the third quarter will be made. The monetary and credit "blank cheque" must be filled in during the next three months.

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The Fight Over Money

By Paul Ernest Anderson

A new and acute phase of this struggle between the banks and the people—old as our history—is now at hand

It has often been repeated that every American carries closest to his heart the conviction that some day he may become wealthy. Prosperity has always been a potent political as well as economic appeal. During the recent boom era, an extraordinary number of Americans fervently tried to achieve the status of millionaires. Even today much of the general faith in the New Deal derives its intensity from the fact that the average American still desires economic security above all, as well as a modicum of real economic freedom. And in our history, from the earliest times, few things have had a greater popular hold than continued prosperity, than the vivid, compelling belief that it was the inalienable right of every American, and that it could be obtained. Few American notions have persisted with such great tenacity. In the eyes of European observers, it is regarded as an American trait.

From Colonial times onward, Americans have observed that their prosperity is bound up with the monetary system. It was not sufficient for the colonist to get land, or for the pioneer later, but he had to have manufactures, pottery, cattle and supplies. Both the early colonists and the pioneers were accustomed to a higher standard of living than the ordinary peasant. Owing to what Hildreth, in his *History of the United States*, termed "the constant tendency of coin to flow towards England," the North American settlements were constantly in debt to the mother country. "Hence," he adds, "for the convenience of domestic trade, it had been found necessary to establish some additional local currency." This tendency began with the "first commencement of the North American settlements."

> In Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, tobacco, the chief exportable product, long served for that purpose (i.e., local currency); in New England, corn and cattle at certain rates, fixed from time to time, were the established medium for payment of taxes and the discharge of colonial contracts. The first innovation upon this primitive system was made in Massachusetts, in 1690, by the issue of government bills of treasury notes receivable in payment of taxes; and afterwards, to give them a greater currency and value, made a legal tender in payment of debts. . . . Such, however, was found, or thought to be, the convenience of these bills merely as a medium of trade, that a scheme had been hit upon for continuing their issue . . . and with the professed object of furnishing at once a currency for the people, a revenue for the government, and *a source whence capital might be borrowed by the enterprising.* (Italics, ours.)

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The demand for new capital in new, expanding and growing countries is always great. The creation of new capital in a new country by the simple expedient of printing paper money and backing it up with the credit of the community (or the Government) very early became a definite part of American commercial and banking history, and maintained an unusual degree of local prosperity. Although much of this money finally depreciated, it must never be forgotten that it paid for a great many useful things, such as houses and improvements, land and education, thus creating values which did not disappear with time, as the money itself did. The use of paper money in Colonial times was in one case especially successful. That the colonists regarded it as one of the main causes for their prosperity may be seen from Pownall's statements in *The Administration of the Colonies* (1764, pps. 102–113); he recommended to Parliament that the Colonies be allowed to maintain and establish a "*paper currency* holding a value nearly equal to silver," because it would be the foundation of true Colonial prosperity.

> I will venture to say, that there never was a wiser or a better measure, never one better calculated to serve the uses of an encreasing country, that there never was a measure more steadily pursued, or more faithfully executed, for forty years together, than the loan-office in Pennsylvania, formed and administered by the Assembly of that province. . . .

This loan-office issued paper money in the form of loans, and kept the amount of issue in due relationship with the growth of values in the province.

> An encreasing country of settlers and traders must always have the balance of trade against them, for this very reason, because they are encreasing and improving, because they must be continually wanting further supplies which their present circumstances will neither furnish nor pay for:—And for this reason also, they must labor under a decreasing silver currency, though their circumstances require an encreasing one. . . . But those very things applied to their improvements, will in return not only pay those debts, but create also a surplus to be still carried forward to further and further improvements. In a country under such circumstances, money lent upon interest to settlers, creates money. Paper money thus lent upon interest will create gold and silver in principle, *while the interest becomes a revenue that pays the charges of government.* (Italics, author's.)

Then he concludes with the prophetic statement: "This currency is the true Pactolian stream which converts all into gold that is washed by it."

Pownall understood that money based on the credit of the community was in the long run not only the foundation of the value of the money itself, but also the basis of all true prosperity. As improvements were made, and new values created, new production increased, the credit of any such community must rise in proportion. The money of such a community would become highly desirable because of its exchangeability, and because it reflected truly the state of the prosperity and wealth of the country. He was not theorizing. He was in fact making a report on the results of the forty-year experiment of the province of Pennsylvania with paper money; the loan-office of this Colony had demonstrated that money based on the wealth of the province, by causing an increase in assets, created greater prosperity, and added more resources. In time, any long continued prosperity of this kind would attract even the precious metals. As such a community became prosperous and settled, the precious metals would come in like any other commodities. Credit is due Pownall as the first Ameri-

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can observer to point out the relationship between a money system based on communal wealth and prosperity. In the same recommendation, he expressly indicates that such money must never be issued in excess of the real wealth of the community, so that it will always have a *real value* in exchange.

Like List, a contemporary of Hamilton's, Pownall also saw that the power of creating wealth is far more important than wealth itself because it not only secures the possession and increase of property (or wealth) already acquired, but also replaces that which is lost. Indeed, Pownall grasped the fact that the final basis of any monetary system lies in the wealth of the community or nation, and that such increases in wealth as are made are due solely to the exertions and cultural standards of the people themselves. No one would seriously dispute the fact that modern bank credit, which is made by the banker in extending a loan, is finally based on the banker's belief in the ability of the nation to produce goods when and as desired. All loans are granted in anticipation of production and sale! The banker merely makes personal use of the credit of the community, and somewhat exactingly demands repayment in gold, insuring his control over the credit in this wise.

Working under the same pressure as the early colonists, the pioneers of the West, South and Southwest had also to invest their own respective local currencies. The continual flow of coin and Government bills to the East from pioneer communities in exchange for needed manufactures and imported goods brought about a steady dearth of specie in the pioneer towns. These communities discovered, as did the colonists before them, that they must create their own local currency, basing it solely upon their known productive capacity. For this reason, they had recourse to bank notes, or circulating notes, issued by banks having State charters. These circulating notes bore no relationship whatever to deposits, because deposits were not then (as they are today) regarded as important. Pioneer banks did and could issue money almost up to any degree. With all its abuses—and these were many—it became a true ticket money system, founded upon a definite necessity for a medium of acceptable exchange, finally based on the collective ability to produce more and more wealth, as settlers took up land and improved it.

That this system laid the foundation of the prosperity of the United States, that it created much of the great wealth of the United States, can scarcely be denied. Albert Gallatin, writing in 1841 (*Suggestions on the Banks and Currency of the United States*), examined the State banking system and its so-called abuses of note circulation, and while offering several modifications, declared that they had been and were a prime necessity to the growth and prosperity of the United States. "A wilderness has within forty years been converted into the abode of six millions of civilized and industrious peoples." He pointed out that the West was unique in its way, that in many cases it had far more advanced improvements than agricultural centres in Europe. Because of this, ordinary economic rules did not apply to the West. And Gallatin was by no means in favor of State banking!

So closely did circulating note money, or paper money, lie to the hearts of

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American pioneers that for more than seventy years up to the establishment of the national banking system itself, the people jealously insisted upon the privilege of State banks which issued notes. The money of the pioneer banks and communities did circulate widely, so widely that even Eastern banks had to deal in them. And when Eastern banks discounted these notes, resentment was generally felt because the people regarded it as an attempt to destroy the credit of their respective communities. Sending money back for redemption as was done generally by the Second Bank of the United States was resented with heat. The reasons were simple enough. When an Eastern banker demanded payment in specie, the pioneer community regarded the demand as destroying assets and property values; moreover, it did mean the wiping out of a portion of the small banker's working capital, which was indeed scarce enough. When redemption was refused, or was done periodically and irregularly by the pioneer banks, the pioneer bankers suffered from the heavy discounts of the Eastern banks. In the case of the Kentucky banks, for instance, discounts once went as high as seventy-five per cent! Yet during this same period, Kentucky was enjoying an unusual wave of prosperity and was the centre of a great river traffic along the Ohio and the Mississippi. The pioneers did not see why their ticket money, devised primarily as a medium of exchange, should have been treated as a value in itself by Eastern bankers who knew nothing of local needs and conditions. Nor did they see why Eastern bankers holding then as now most of the liquid capital of the country should question local circulating notes, or discriminate against them.

Gallatin speaks of the enormous capital required to settle the West up to the Mississippi, estimating it as almost as great as the total liquid capital of the commercial East.

It is no wonder that the people of the West supported Andrew Jackson's breaking of the Second United States Bank. Controlled in part by foreign capital, the West welcomed the issue, and brought about an economic revolution as far-reaching in its way as the War for Independence. The case of the West was clearly stated by President Martin Van Buren in his annual message of December 2, 1839:

> The dependence of our whole banking system on the institutions in a few large cities is not found in the laws of their organization, but in those of trade and exchange. The banks at that center, to which currency flows and where it is required in payments for merchandise, hold the power of controlling those in regions whence it comes, while the latter possess no means of restraining them; so that the value of individual property and the prosperity of trade through the interior of the country are made to depend upon the good or bad management of the banking institutions of the great seats of trade on the seaboard.
>
> But this chain of dependence does not stop here. It does not terminate at Philadelphia or New York. It reaches across the ocean and ends in London, the centre of the credit system. The same laws of trade which give to the banks in our principal cities power over the whole banking system of the United States subject the former, in their turn, to the money power in Great Britain.
>
> . . . It is thus that an introduction of a new bank in the most distant village places the business of that village within the influence of the money power of England. . . .

If we substitute for these remarks the present money power of the great banks, both public and private, now located in New York City, which is also the credit centre of the world today, the plea of the Western farmers and busi-

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ness men against Wall Street control could be framed almost in the identical words of this President of the United States.

THE history of the American people, in brief, shows that they have experimented widely with all kinds of banking schemes, that they have in truth believed in banks and in banking, and never been greatly in favor of nationalization of the banking system. The American people "have experimented with every known description of paper currency," as A. Barton Hepburn, a comptroller of the currency, and later President of the Chase National Bank, writes in his *History of the Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money*. He does not indicate clearly the causes for this experimentation, or see its true base as the foundation of much of the great wealth of the United States, but he does indicate with great clarity, unwittingly be it said, that the chief opponents of monetary experimentation in the United States have from the beginning been the bankers of the East, starting with the First United States Bank and continuing down to the establishment of the National Bank Act, and the Repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Clause. One thing is also apparent, that as fast as the bankers in the East opposed one experiment, the pioneers and their successors tried a new one. Nor were all these early and later experiments failures, notably the Indiana State Bank which for twenty-five years never failed to meet its obligations, or the Louisiana State Banks which for years headed the list as the strongest banks in the country.

From all that has been said, it is clear that like a red thread the history of the United States contains a series of unique attitudes towards banking and finance, a definite conviction that money at bottom is primarily a ticket system, formed chiefly to aid and promote exchange of products, and based on the communal wealth and resources and cultural attainments. The issue recurs again and again. The silver campaign of the Great Commoner, aided and advised by no less an economist than Arthur Kitson of England, is but the later phase of the great struggle of the people against the banks and the concentration of capital in the East. The struggle is represented in the East by the desire of bankers to concentrate the banking system and its capital into a unified banking structure with a gold standard. The pioneers, the Westerners, the farmers, the monetary reformers want the banks to be primarily subservient to the needs of the people, subject to some measure of control and limitation of power. But since the end of the Nineteenth Century, modern banking has become more and more a credit mechanism, making money not by bank notes as formerly it did, but by a stroke of the banker's pen. This stroke of the pen creates a credit, or a deposit, against which the borrower can draw a cheque. If our past history means anything, the direction of the struggle over the control of money shall in the future take the form of a struggle over the control of credit.

Credit is the modern money, and it is the sole property of banks. Despite the vaunted success of the Federal Reserve System during the boom years and the War, it has lost face with a large number of people because it did not avert the crash, and really precipitated it. Nor did it nor the strength of Eastern banks save the gold standard, the

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chief fetish of bankers here and elsewhere. The people have found that going off the gold standard produced no particular changes in their individual lives. They also discovered that the closing of all the banks of the country by edict of the President proved that the banks were none too capable, none too omniscient, none too public-spirited. They abused the bond and stock selling privileges; they have abused credit making powers; thousands of them have failed.

More and more it is becoming clear that when banks receive the repayment of their loans, the community is the loser by the amount of the loan because the banks do not give the community credit for the new wealth created by the use of the loan. In effect, as has been demonstrated many times over during the depression, the whole of the gigantic debt claim against the nation is truly a measure of the power of the banking system to levy a toll from the people.

By all the signs, therefore, we are entering the stages of another combat with the banks, another attempt to adapt our monetary system, to promote the prosperity of the American people. But the problem today is different from the problem of 1837, or 1873, or even 1893. We were rich in those days, but we are staggeringly wealthy today. Our wealth reaches astronomical figures. We no longer suffer from the problem of scarcity, as we did in past crises. In those times, it may have been necessary for the people to stop, draw in their belts and make sacrifices of one or another kind. But today, whether in bad times or in good, our yearly rate of appreciation of wealth is over four billion dollars. We can not help getting richer by this amount year in and year out because of the pace of our inventive genius and productive abilities as a nation.

Moreover, in former depressions, due to the scarcity of goods and money to pay for their creation, Americans could look forward to a time when all the unemployed would either be at work again, or living upon the unoccupied lands in the West. No longer are these facts applicable today. If all industry were to get back to the 1929 levels of productivity, little more than one-half of the unemployed would return to their old positions. So productive has our machinery of manufacturing goods become, so vast its expenditure of energy, that it does the labor of fifty times the working population of our country alone! Never before has America faced such a situation, and never before have we had to think seriously of what we are going to do about the growing numbers of our new-leisured classes, of our people without work, of our people no longer needed in our industrial processes.

The National Recovery Act would offer a remedy to the situation by causing two basic changes to bolster up the vanishing incomes of Americans. It would give work to additional unemployed; it would also shorten the hours of the present employed without cutting down their present incomes. Yet, gigantic as this undertaking is, unparalleled as the scope of this plan may be as a peace-time measure to rehabilitate industry, it can not succeed if it does not embody a fundamental step in monetary change.

It is a maxim of business and accountancy that all costs must finally appear in prices. If manufacturers and others increase wages and salaries, and if they also pay out additional incomes,

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they are surely incurring additional costs; and these costs must appear in prices to the consumers. There will not be under the NRA, even as there is not now, nor has been in the past, sufficient money incomes in the hands of the consumers to take up the whole product of American industry. Of what use is it to stimulate production, to stimulate purchasing power, if we do not at the same time relate the two, so that it will be possible for all consumers to buy the total product of industry?

Under the present banking conditions, the granting of loans for production does not reflect the fact of our increasing wealth. The amount of new wealth created through the use of bank loans in industries does not result in giving the community or the nation an additional claim on that wealth by the creation of a corresponding addition of new money, of money based on that new wealth. On the contrary, the lending of money by banks to industries results in an increased indebtedness, in a definite diminution of purchasing power and incomes, finally bringing about a period of "readjustment." The flaw then is inherent in the system of private money issues, private money issues without reference to the communal enterprise and growth and wealth. Bank money ignores these things, although it is indeed a fiat money scheme.

From the historical standpoint, the time has come when the American people must regain the full possession of their money powers, and create and use national money, based on the national wealth of these United States. Not alone does history speak for such a step forward, but also the events and conditions of the day. Mankind can not live in a psychology of scarcity when there is no scarcity without undergoing a great and vast degeneration of spirit and enterprise. Moreover, common sense dictates that money should reflect the facts of production and consumption, and there is only one agency which can bring that about in a safe, scientific manner: that is the national Government, the creature and instrument of the 123,000,000 consumers of this nation.

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Burying the Belittlers

By Louise Maunsell Field

Expiring under the economic débris, our debunkers give way to a more generous, optimistic and fair-minded attitude

As a nation, we Americans are generous, sentimental, conceited and above all optimistic. We are emotional rather than rational, ruled by our hearts a good deal more often than by our heads. Which is one of many reasons why we so frequently perplex Europeans. The very immensity of our country, its amazing natural phenomena and no less amazing natural resources have engendered in us not only a rather innocent and childlike vanity but an even more innocent and childlike—not childish—sense of dependence, a feeling that we have behind us a kind of great, beneficent, dependable power, which in the last resort can be trusted not to let us down.

This naïve faith of ours is partly responsible for the fact that the depression created in us an acute sense of injury. For some time we felt with hurt surprise that we were being unfairly treated, even positively abused; very like a child whose stick of candy is suddenly taken away from him. That foreign countries should suffer seemed to us more or less in the nature of things. Our normal and proper part was to help to mitigate that suffering, not to endure it ourselves. Other nations have accused us of being unsportsmanlike, even of whining. They say we failed to stand up to adversity as England, for instance, has so splendidly done; instead of taking it on the chin we have shrunk back, protested, cried, made a good deal of fuss. What they have neglected to take into account is not only our emotionalism but our consciousness of grievance in being obliged to abandon our familiar Good Samaritan rôle, as well as in having doubt take the place of our old implicit belief that we had back of us in our country itself something upon which we, the people, could surely and unquestionably rely.

On the other hand, it is just because of this emotionalism and this tacit reliance of ours, which together do so much to make up our national optimism that the depression, so far at least as our mentality is concerned, has failed to be lastingly or entirely depressing. As a matter of fact, it has done more than a little to restore us to our natural selves, the selves which, in accordance with the fashions set by the so-called intelligentsia of other countries and to some extent by those of our own, we tried to abandon during those Jazz and Belittling Periods which intervened between the Great War and the Great Depression. With the ardor which

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characterizes most of our doings, we set ourselves to follow these fashions, doing our very best to make ourselves accept ideas, beliefs and modes of thought which were in direct contradiction to our normal convictions, instincts and traditions.

Because of our characteristic fondness for rushing to extremes, we gave enthusiastic if temporary lip-service to the cause of those generally known as the Debunkers, but whom it might be more accurate to term the Belittlers. For their one general and concerted effort was to prove that the great were in truth extremely small. Heroes and heroines, ideas and ideals, historical events, national standards, individual aspirations and beliefs, all must be dragged down to the level of the mean or the ridiculous, must be rolled in the dirt, belittled, scoffed at and denied. The very words "nobility," "honor," "courage," "loyalty" became unmentionable save as adding a point to satire. More than all others was idealism considered contemptible. Yet all this was done in the name of a particular and very fine ideal: that of fearless truthfulness and absolute, uncompromising honesty. If there was one thing on which the Belittlers openly and admittedly prided themselves, it was their supposedly devastating frankness. Many of them, moreover, were or fancied themselves to be entirely sincere, believing firmly in the Great Illusion of their own complete disillusionment.

Suppose we pause for a look at some few of the more notable efforts of these Belittlers, especially those manifested in prose. First, the biographers, who were among the earliest practitioners of the Belittling movement. Following the lead of the brilliant Lytton Strachey, they proceeded to explain everything about the great men of the past—their greatness always excepted. The familiar story of Oliver Cromwell's insistence that the artist painting his portrait should show him precisely as he was, warts and all, may be considered the motto of this particular company of Belittlers.

But while honesty undoubtedly demands that warts be not neglected, their whole-hearted efforts to do full justice to these blemishes not infrequently caused the Belittlers to overlook such trifles as eyes, mouths and noses. Their portraits, if not composed exclusively of warts, at least showed these predominating to such an extent that they made all else appear quite insignificant. To show the warts was undoubtedly both honest and wise; but to give them such exaggerated importance did not result, to put it mildly, in a likeness any more exact than that older type wherein they were but lightly sketched if not entirely omitted.

Our belittling biographers flung themselves joyously into the work of exposing, to change the metaphor, those feet of clay on which stood certain of our popular idols. But so absorbed were they in their task of calling attention to these same feet that they either forgot all about, or else had but scant time left to devote to, showing the dignity and beauty of the heads. And heads, when you come right down to it, are often, not to say usually, of somewhat greater importance than feet.

Yet stressing the clay composition of those same feet speedily became accepted as indicative of an advanced degree of sophistication. During the first years of the World War hero-worship had been rife, and when in after days some of these once-revered heroes

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made rather sorry spectacles of themselves, when the horrors of the trenches, of filth and rats and barbed wire and poison gas had stripped modern warfare of every last remaining bit of glamor, a reaction set in which caused the Belittlers' work to receive the warmest sort of welcome. Even when that work used for its material the greatest and best and most revered figures in our national life. Rupert Hughes's much acclaimed biography of George Washington, a marvel in its way of patience and of research, revealed everything about our first President except the qualities which caused him to be hailed as the Father of His Country, and left the reader rather puzzled as to why on earth men followed such a leader. And this is but one notable example out of very many. On the stage, Maxwell Anderson's highly praised study of *Elizabeth, The Queen,* showed us how vain Gloriana was, how she spat and swore; but nothing at all of those powers which made her a great ruler, her country's idol and victor in the long struggle with Spain. For through perseverance and determination account books may be deciphered and analyzed and contemporary records minutely scanned for evidence of unpleasant habits and manners and meannesses; the qualities which may make a man or woman the leader, perhaps the savior of a nation, an outstanding, beacon-like figure for future generations to wonder at, are less easily perceived and understood, a great deal less easily transcribed.

Success, represented by abundant applause as well as by monetary returns, caused the host and variety of the Belittlers to increase with very considerable rapidity, while their following multiplied yet more swiftly. Not to be of this following was to be old-fashioned, and altogether out of the current of contemporary thought. Soon the beautiful old stories poets had loved and sung were cheapened and distorted to provide fresh sport. Helen of Troy was an early victim, and the legend of Galahad, the perfect knight, was travestied in a laborious attempt to make him a target for the laughter of the foolish. The national Government itself did not escape, and the highest officials in the land, scarcely covered by so much as a gossamer veil of fiction, were pelted with mud or turned to ridicule upon the stage.

But if individuals and institutions suffered and the splendid old tales were perverted in earnest if wearisome attempts at humor, it was ideas and standards which were the principal objects of attack. Men and women boasted themselves hard-boiled, proclaiming their utter lack of faith in God or man. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," was acclaimed the only reasonable way of life, the only one truly "modern," regardless of the fact that it dated back to the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the several-thousand-years-old *Song of the Harper*. Those who ordered their lives or professed to order them otherwise than in accordance with this rule were merely hypocrites; or so the Belittlers declared. For since duty and fidelity, virtue and honor didn't exist, what could any devotion or appearance of devotion to them be save the most obvious, most contemptible kind of pretense? All men, if one were to judge of them from the fiction, biography and general literature belauded during the heyday of the Belittlers, were weak and vile, all women little less weak, and perhaps even viler, what the herd termed "goodness" being in fact only the despicable result of stupid-

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ity or of fear. A few of the more intelligent, according to the novelists of the period, realized what contemptible creatures their fellow-beings and they themselves actually were; these usually spent most of their time trying to submerge their knowledge in whiskey or gin. Incidentally, they were almost invariably the protagonists of the novels wherein they figured, the nearest approach to the old-time "hero," these afforded. For though the term "hero" was still employed to indicate the most important of a book's masculine characters, this individual was usually removed as far from anything approaching the heroic as was humanly possible, being customarily endowed with the liquid-absorbing quality of a sponge, the morals of an alley-cat, the enterprise of a rabbit and the backbone of a jellyfish. The only gospel he understood, much less practised, was the gospel of futility and despair, his intensest admiration being reserved for his own unmitigated worthlessness. When the depression swept away those material values which were the only ones really appreciated and esteemed by the interpreters and leaders of the Belittlement Period, it seemed as if there might be nothing left save chaos, and speedy extermination prove the single surviving hope.

But all this was in fact only a passing phase, often only a passing pose, being of necessity quite alien to the spirit of a nation which began when a group of adventurers braved the wilderness. The pioneer, whether he crosses ocean or forest or prairie to journey into the unknown must as a matter of course possess not merely courage, but also abundant optimism. If he did not expect to succeed, he would most probably stay at home; if he were afraid of danger, he would shun adventure; which is certainly not the American way.

The story of these United States, from the very beginning up to the present day, is almost exclusively a story of conquest; conquest of the wilderness, of man and of natural forces. We have made plenty of mistakes, we know that well enough; but those mistakes have not been made from lack of courage or of hopefulness. Even our unutterably foolish Prohibition experiment had in some of its aspects a certain gallant optimism, just as our sometimes hysterical laudation of rather tawdry idols has in it a reaching out towards something we are at least momentarily duped into believing bigger and finer than our admittedly insignificant selves. This readiness to acclaim, moreover, shows a certain largeness and generosity of disposition. "There is delight in praising," but only for those who themselves have in them something praiseworthy. The rest prefer to follow in the trail of the Belittlers.

Because this inherent generosity which finds delight in praising is more or less characteristic of the average American, because submission to the dictates of the Belittlers was to a very great extent an unworthy and merely temporary yielding to fashion and the power of the written word, you can fairly hear the general sigh of relief with which their doctrines are being abandoned. Yet to do them justice, these self-same Belittlers have accomplished certain extremely desirable results.

They have, for example, killed the old-fashioned, stuffed-shirt and stained-glass window types of biography. The successful new pen-portraits are better balanced, show a keener sense of justice and of human values, on account of

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the spade work done by the Belittlers. In the old type, clay feet were ignored or, at least, discreetly veiled; in the Belittling Era, heads were too often neglected; today, warm welcome is accorded only to that work which gives a fair measure of importance to each. One of the best biographies of recent months, if not the very best, is Stefan Zweig's fascinating study of Marie Antoinette, which he describes as the "Portrait of an Average Woman." Here is a picture of the ill-fated Queen which shows her neither as the martyred saint she has sometimes been made to appear nor as the Messalina the Revolutionists professed to believe her, but as a woman who rose to her full stature only under stress of swift and almost incredible calamity. Hurried from palace to prison, she was never so much a Queen as when she sat rigidly upright in the cart, her hands bound behind her back, on her way to the guillotine. Here nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice. It is easy enough to imagine what one of the Belittling Brigade might have done with those relations between Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI to which Mr. Zweig attributes so much of the Queen's often condemned frivolity, or with those which recent discoveries proved to have existed between that lovely lady and the gallant and devoted Count Axel Fersen, who certainly would have saved both the Queen and her husband had he possessed a quarter as much common sense as he had courage. The unspeakably hideous accusations brought by the poor little Dauphin against his mother, so pityingly analyzed by Stefan Zweig in the light of modern child-psychology, might have furnished endless delight for a certain type of mind. But in this biography a fact too often forgotten is once more demonstrated: that it is possible to be entirely honest without being either abusive or nasty.

Yet another biography which impresses the reader as a model of fairness is Marquis James's notable account of *Andrew Jackson, The Border Captain,* a book less interesting than the *Marie Antoinette* only because its subject is less dramatic and less appealing. Here too human contradictions are admirably set forth, and Jackson's honesty is drawn as clearly as his ruthlessness. Another biography, and one which still better illustrates the contrast between the methods used by the biographer of today and those employed by the once popular school of the Belittlers, is H. E. Wortham's *Chinese Gordon.* Lytton Strachey asserted that Gordon was a secret gin-addict; Mr. Wortham collects, weighs and analyzes the evidence, with a resultant acquittal. That a man may distribute tracts, and not be secretly depraved, is the sort of thing the sophisticates of the Belittling Era found entirely incredible, yet it does sometimes happen, and the biographer of today does not deny its possibility. Even a tinge of hero-worship is occasionally discernible in present-day biography, as for instance, in Hamilton Basso's *Beauregard: The Great Creole,* though so far as that very interesting book is concerned, it is discreetly restrained.

Not only the attitude towards the great men and women of the past has altered; that towards ideas and standards has shifted yet more. In this connection it is interesting to note the points of view represented by some of the most enthusiastically welcomed among recent novels. For months scarcely a single best seller list appeared on which Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth*

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Turns failed to occupy a prominent place, yet if ever a book set forth the old-fashioned, homely virtues of sobriety and thrift, honesty and chastity, it was this quiet chronicle of life on a New England farm. It even ventured to depict a father as genuinely loving, and being loved by, his children; a situation laughed to scorn throughout the entire Belittling Period. Quite as notable, perhaps even more notable in its indication of the changes which have recently taken place, is another and more recent success, Richard Aldington's *All Men Are Enemies*.

For the author of *The Death of a Hero* and *The Colonel's Daughter* can not be regarded as in the least degree old-fashioned. Rather is he a modernist among the modernists. Yet his hero who tries to discover a satisfying way of life, testing out, so to speak, patriotism and æstheticism, conservatism and communism, politics and business and social conformity, finds his solution at last in the enduring love of and for one woman, surely a most romantic and thoroughly Victorian conclusion. The price of that love he pays not only willingly but gladly, abandoning for its sake wealth and position, influence and prestige; this too in the best traditions of Victorianism. It is true that certain of his vicissitudes and experiments are described with abundant details of a kind which would not have been at all approved by that formerly influential dame, Mrs. Grundy, while its exaltation of the senses is an admitted return to the ideas of ancient Greece. But in its frank insistence upon the romantic viewpoint, its actually vehement denial of that doctrine so fervently espoused by the Belittlers that the love of man and woman is merely a biological urge which quickly dies once it has been gratified, leaving boredom if not actual distaste behind, *All Men Are Enemies* is emphatically a part of the revolt against the Belittlers and all their efforts which is showing itself so clearly and in so many different ways.

In no manner or place is this revolt showing itself more plainly than in the change which has occurred in the broad field of our national life. The incoming of the new Administration resulted in a veritable transformation scene. From a half-cynical, half-despairing attitude of doubt and discouragement and disregard there was a sudden, startling alteration to one of almost mystical faith, almost fanatical obedience. As if released from long and irksome confinement by the swift touching of a hidden spring the characteristic national optimism leaped forth, ready not only to applaud but even to share in any experiment, however daring, however problematical, which was in agreement with its own inherent hopefulness; a hopefulness somewhat chastened, sometimes more than a little grim, but hopefulness nevertheless. If to some of the more experienced, the more thoughtful and analytical, certain of the expedients proposed have seemed actually dangerous, while others too closely resembled an effort to raise oneself by pulling on one's own boot-straps, to the nation at large they were and are welcome as showing an effort to do something which at least implied a belief that something could be done, an assertion of the doctrine so congenial to the American temperament that attack is the best possible form of defense. Not to mitigate the depression, but to annihilate it . . . if we can. And in the very bone and sinew of the typical American lies a profound belief in the

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ability of America to do anything she chooses, and to do it better and more thoroughly than it could possibly be done by any other country on the face of the earth.

The depression which so quickly killed the Jazz Period has at length released us from the Belittlers; two achievements which may be set down to its credit, as against the vast amount of misery it has caused. The danger is, of course, the obvious one of going to the other extreme, of rushing from a position of cynicism, from the hard-boiled and "I'm from Missouri" point of view which developed after the disappointments of the World War into one of blind optimism and unbridled confidence. Stubborn standing still is no worse than dashing forward heedlessly, anyhow, anywhere, not knowing where we're going but determined to go somewhere, and quite possibly crashing into irremediable disaster. Whether the hand on the steering wheel will prove strong enough and wise enough to maintain the necessary degree of control remains to be seen. We can only hope; as all the nation is hoping.

This much at least is certain; there is a new and different spirit abroad in our land, a spirit far more in sympathy with our inheritance and traditions than the one we attempted to assume. The gospel of futility, long preached by the Russians, the so-called "debunking" which was so often nothing more than belittling, formed a type of mental attitude we tried to adopt, believing that we were thereby showing ourselves thoroughly modern and completely sophisticated. To this we gave lip-service, adopting a new style of hypocrisy which instead of being an homage paid by vice to virtue, as La Rochefoucauld called it, was an homage virtue paid to vice. Instead of pretending to be a good deal better than we were, we pretended to be a good deal worse than we were. Never were we less frank and more essentially dishonest than when we were most ardently and loudly proclaiming our frankness and our honesty, feeling it necessary to apologize shame-facedly if we chanced to be sober, debt-paying and decent, while marital fidelity or any symptom of an affectionate consideration for parents were crimes to be concealed at all and every cost.

As a nation, we have our faults; any number of them. But the desire to run down and if possible besmirch whatever is fine and high and noble does not predominate in us by nature. Nor have we any genuine, inherent preference for filth. The Era of the Belittlers, which opened ostensibly as a protest against sham, speedily developed worse and greater shams than any of those it professed to condemn. The process which brought it to an end, along with so much else, was and is an acutely painful one. But with much, very much matter for regret we still have some few causes for rejoicing, and one of these latter is to be found in our emancipation from those opinions and standards, for us so false and therefore so hypocritical, we temporarily assumed in mistaken obedience to the once mighty and imposing company of the Belittlers.

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Are Jews Internationalists?

By Francis J. Oppenheimer

Hitlerites say they are, and act accordingly, but the facts prove something else

"What the world does not realize is that wherever Germans and Jews mix, Jewish blood dominates," Dr. Otto Wagener, one of Chancellor Hitler's most intimate advisers recently asserted by way of offering a more acute interpretation of the extraordinary anti-Semitic campaign still raging in the "newly-awakened Germany." Boasting, too, that "Germanic blood triumphs over the Slavs," the head of the Nazi Economic Bureau was forced to admit that the Germans are "unable to digest Jews."

Had this naïve Nazi announced that the German Jew "digests" the German (psychologically speaking) altogether too easily—had he perceived for a moment that the German Jew, not the native, was altogether "too credulous" concerning the world-beating qualities of the German—he would have been throwing a little ray of light on his darkened Gothland where wrath has seldom been mute for long or fury dumb.

Childish as this political thinker's thoughts appear in cold type, they nevertheless grow in significance as those other more complex, if equally shallow, explanations by the professional denouncers of the Nazis are examined. Unfortunately Dr. Wagener has himself mixed a psychological with a racial issue. He has, however, brought to the forefront of the consciousness of the world, if insensibly so, a most profound fact concerning the German Jew and nationalism. One that the professional defenders of the Jews have yet to discover, one of which the zealous Storm Troopers are blithely unconscious.

What really annoys a Nazi in a Prussian Jew is not his Semitic denationalism, but the Jew's overnationalized Germanism. This profoundly irritates him. Every time a Brown Shirt looks at a German Jew he sees himself as others see him, he sees himself as the rest of the world sees him. In fact he sees himself twice, too much even for a thick-skinned Nazi. In the obtrusive mannerisms of the Berlin Jew a Nazi senses racial throwbacks that his own docile naturalism, with all its bad intentions, has been utterly unable to achieve. He shakes to his medieval roots with professional envy, has to gnash his teeth to keep on his Sam Browne belt. The atavistic mirror, which is the Jew's nationalism in every land, reflects back to the blue-eyed Nazi so much concentrated

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Germanism that he is thrown into the berserker rage that has made him pick up the torch dropped by Alaric.

By way of elucidating why there is no anti-Semitism either in Italy or in Great Britain the philosophizer of the Nazi "renaissance" innocently explains further that both the Italian and the Celtic blood are "more persistent than the German." The mental confusion of any Nazi office-holder can be sympathized with, but how an editorial writer of the New York *Times* can come to the conclusion that Goethe's lack of national-mindedness is attributable to the fact that he spent his boyhood in Jewish Frankfort is less easy of understanding.

THE German Jew, like every other Jew in every other nation, including our own, is a troublesome political unit for the very opposite reasons from those set forth by the muddled Nazis. Every country in which the Jew has made a community has been penalized by his characteristic indifference to truth that knows no political borders. His narrow, parochial nationalism marks the Jew in every country as a valiant defender of geographical values. Wherever there's a *marano* Jew or what the Hitlerites prosaically designate "a percentage Jew," there spreads the virus of nationalism.

Scratch any Jew and you will find an incorrigible nationalist, for if the German Jew is more German than the native, so is the Russian Jew more Russian than any Muscovite, and so is an English Jew more British than any Englishman. And the same holds true with the Irish, Portuguese and Scotch Jews. Despite the Nazis' noisy accusations that the Jews are "aliens" to nationalism, they are sharpening to most vicious points the one-eyed psychologies of the various homelands in which they have found asylum. Everywhere in the world the Jew mirrors back to the native an almost maniacal nationalism.

Lock up a German Jew and a Russian Jew and an English Jew and an Irish Jew and a French Jew and an Italian Jew, an Indian and a Chinese and a Japanese Jew in a room and you will have segregated in one unhallowed spot all the bad blood of Europe and Asia! Wasn't it a Jew, Ernst Lissauer, who wrote the infamous *Hymn of Hate* that sent the Boche into battle?

If the "Jewish question" is "an international question," as the Zionist resolution addressed to the League of Nations asserts (and as Theodore Herzl always maintains), the Jewish citizen most certainly is not an internationalist in spirit, despite the Michigan Golem Ford created on an off day. And when to please their professional defenders Ford snuffed out his "international Jew," withdrew him from circulation, a greater harm was done them spiritually than Hitler has since done them economically, his "nationally deficient" Jew being as much a myth as Ford's stuffed monster. Ambassador Luther who senses that the Jews are not internationalists can not yet quite comprehend that they are nationalists, saying, "Anational movements which, only through a rather inexact way of expression, are called international."

In his instinctive dread of all denationalized thinking a Berlin Jew and a Nazi Brown Shirt are one. While the liberals of the world are trying to turn their backs on the hydra-headed dragon of race hatred and race distinctions, the Jew whole-heartedly continues stressing the very attributes of nationalism out

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of which the "ruthless barbarians," Hitler's pet phrase for the Nazis, have conjured up their pet prejudices of Aryan supremacy. Unfortunately both for himself and his neighbors, the Jew never has been an alien to nationalism, although like Chancellor Hitler and Premier Goering (who styles himself a "fanatic") he has always been a complete and most absolute stranger to internationalized thought.

The loud-pedalings of the Berlin Jew are offensive to a Nazi because they are more theatrically Teutonic than anything he has yet been able to stage, with all his boy scout paraphernalia. Before the World War the German colonists in the Argentine bitterly complained in private that if they as much as used a Spanish word they were savagely attacked by the Jewish residents for their "anti-*Vaterland*" attitude. Those Jewish refugees who recently escaped into the Saar Basin have already begun an agitation for a postponement of the plebiscite for fear that Germany might lose out in the present state of public opinion there.

Despite Samuel Untermeyer's belief that if the Germans had listened to the German Jews there would have been no war, the fact remains that Albert Ballin was always pouring the poison of nationalism into the small pink ear of the ex-Kaiser. That's why William invariably referred to this Jewish shipbuilder as "Sir Oracle," and probably why Hitler's chief in this country, Herr Spanknoebel, recently returned to Germany on a liner bearing the name of this super-patriot. Then there was Dernburg, and in the late unlamented Republic Rathenau stood before the world the *ne plus ultra* in Germanism as Cremieux was the great exponent of La Belle France, as Sonnino outlasted every Italian war cabinet and it was the Jewish-born Stahl who organized the Prussian House of Lords!

THE oft-repeated and generally accepted Nazi accusation anent the Jew's deficiency in national-mindedness seems like the weirdest kind of a paradox as soon as hard cold statistical facts are encountered. Although prior to the Hitler dispersion there were only five hundred thousand Jews in Germany, the majority of the twelve million Jews the world over speak either German or Yiddish, considered closer to the high German than the Bavarian dialect. These "non-Aryans" are responsible, too, for ramifying German culture "hundreds of miles away from Germany proper on German islands in alien territory." Two million Jews speak the classical German, those of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and the German parts of Prague. They are also the chief carriers of the German "bacillus" (to reverse the Nazi misuse of this word) in Riga, Libau, Czernowitz, Pressburg and other large cities on the Continent, according to Dr. Leon M. Herbert.

Refreshing our memories of facts which "the Germans ought to be aware of but which they are either blinded to or ignorant of," according to Herbert, the Yiddish speaking sections of Jewry, especially those of Galicia and Poland, have because of linguistic proximity been the chief consuming market of German culture and industry. This will explain the sympathy the Jews had the world over at the beginning of the World War for Germany (one pro-Ally Yiddish daily, *The Warheit*, was boycotted in New York City) and also their constant plea for justice and mercy for Germany after

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the War. The last census of the Holy Land also indicates that over five thousand Jews speak the German dialect, one thousand high German, and those refugees now unpacking their belongings have already organized a Union of German Jews in the Holy Land (*B'rith Ole Germania*).

These "despoilers of the Aryan race" (Hitler), these "aliens to nationalism" (Goering), had one hundred thousand, one-fifth of their total population, goose-stepping during the World War, seventy thousand of whom were wounded on the field of battle, twelve thousand of whom died shouting, "*Deutschland Über Alles*." They also gave Germany a General Staff officer who was wounded at the front, a stiff-necked martinet that none of the French Commissioners could bend to their demands. Colonel Duesterberg, too, was the most obdurate member of the German Armistice Commission, fighting every conciliatory move of Matthias Erzberger and he resigned from the army before the ink was dry on the peace treaty. Only last year he gave Hindenburg a fierce battle for the Presidency of the Republic as the candidate of the National Party. When he was forced out of his post as second in command of the *Stahlhelm*, the League of German War Veterans, he besought his old comrades in arms "to remain faithful to the national cause, and unreservedly submit to the leadership of Chancellor Hitler."

Those thousands of refugees in Holland, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Denmark are suffering a nostalgia for the *Vaterland* so keen they hardly heed the friendly words of comfort spoken to them by the welfare workers of the Jewish Agency who can not with all their coaxing get them to cast a glance eastward toward Palestine. The thought of Zionism only stirs these homesick Jews with fond recollections of Germany. And the recent resolution of their Polish co-religionists addressed to Geneva, asking that immigration restrictions be lifted so they could be rushed through Palestine, hurt the pride of these unhappy Jews more than the cowardly indignities inflicted on them by the Nazi sadists.

Einstein spends bitter days in Belgium peering eastward toward the Germany that has expelled him, gets no thrill glancing westward to the Spain that can hardly hold its breath awaiting his arrival. Emil Ludwig in Locarno spends his days writing about the excellent qualities of the Germans. The urbane Hamburg Jews do not yet understand what "all the shooting is about" in foreign countries, the Berlin Jews seize the microphone to broadcast overseas the overwhelming contentment that has engulfed them, the Munich rabbis who have had their venerable beards torn from their roots by young hooligans cable their friends that Germany has been maligned by the foreign press and Professor Franck, Nobel Prize winner and holder of the Iron Cross, first class, heatedly declares that "he has no intention of settling abroad."

Dr. Max Naumann, President of the Union of National German Jews has proclaimed, "In my capacity as a German, as a Jew, and as the leader of the National Union, I deny that there has been any mistreatment whatsoever of the Jews." Dr. Naumann believes the Nazis are absolutely entitled to confiscate the property of those "Eastern Jews" driven out of Germany. And *The Prussian Zeitung*, referring re-

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cently to a sycophantic article this mad nationalist sent it, declared that Dr. Naumann had "the impudence to send this article without any one asking for it." Dr. Naumann yet believes that the German Jews should fight to the last ditch for the *Vaterland* even if citizenship in it should be denied them.

Cable reports from Berlin announce the formation of the Actions Committee of "Jewish Germans" (the phrase invariably used by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency) under the leadership of the Union of National Jews, with the cooperation of the Federation of Jewish ex-Soldiers at the Front and a number of youth organizations. The Actions Committee and the groups of "Jewish Germans" standing behind it, to quote the news dispatch, declare themselves with the utmost decisiveness for a strong national Germany, being prepared to collaborate in the building of the new German Reich with all their power, and they also repudiate vigorously every attempt at foreign intervention in internal German affairs.

None in the old Reichstag was a keener nationalist than those Jewish-born deputies. The only points of the Nazi programme which have run counter to the aspirations of the German Jews are those assaulting them. To a man they have been behind Hitler in every denunciation of the Versailles Treaty and it's altogether questionable whether the Chancellor would be the force he is today had he lacked their support. Many German Jews were ardent advocates of the German Nationalists, among them the banker Edward Wassermann and a Jewish Agency leader. Countless German Jews tried to join the Nazis, some resorting even to "smuggling" tactics, so keen they were to pin the swastika button on their lapels.

The German Jew's devotion to his *Vaterland* never once wavered throughout the degrading outrages of the Hitlerite Gehenna. "Our country is Germany and our fate is bound up with that of Germany. If evil days come we will bear the evil as we did the good," so the London correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports a close-up of the average German Jew. "If Germany wants our blood now, we shall give it, even if we are immolated on the altar. This time amid cries of execration and not approbation as in the War. It is not what will happen to the German Jew that matters but what will happen to Germany."

"They whine they are Germans, Germans. . . . The terrible *Centralverin* whines, 'With dignity and courage we shall know how to bear upon the soul of our homeland the measures inflicted by Germans upon Germans,'" Ludwig Lewisohn writes in *The Nation*, proving his own contention that "Group psychology is ill understood." Like the Nazis he denounces, the champion also confuses psychological with religious issues in much the same way as Goebbels mixes up psychology and geography, explaining to an English interviewer that England has Western Jews but "Germany has the riff-raff of Eastern Judaism." Mr. Lewisohn indignantly assails the German Jew's lack of "courage" and "dignity," but he is as gentle as a dove regarding their hysterical nationalism. He has no doubt that this "cold pogrom" might have been averted if the German Jews had been more Jewish, and Ludendorff complaining every day against "the Jewification of the German people." Their real "taint"

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is their excess Germanism which not only put them on the spot for the "S.A." sharp-shooters but also forced these "Hitler Zionists" to seek protection from the Polish Jews they despise and to beg black bread from the "Eastern Jews" for whom they have nothing but contempt, to employ a phrase of Dr. Naumann. This is the bitterest irony of it all.

THE greatest salesman for everything else, the Jew is everywhere discovered buying nationalism. And he always pays a terrific freight bill for it, exaggerating the customs of the natives of the jungle and the dwellers of the wild, just as in America he out-Babbitts Babbitt. Nor was there any need, not to mention wit, for the creation of "torture chambers" in Germany to force the German Jews to sing, "*Deutschland Über Alles.*" Who ever was able to stop Josephus singing the praises of Rome? He even annoyed Titus with the bombastic whitewashing he gave him, absolutely denying what every one else in Rome knew: that this tyrant had destroyed Herod's Temple.

Moses Cohen heads the Chinese Nationalists!

Ben Altheimer inaugurated Flag Day. Haym Solomon underwrote the American Revolution for over half a million dollars, Madison when a Congressman writing, "I am a pensioner of his bounty."

The first to enlist in the World War was one of these mythical internationalists—one of these mythical denationalized Jews. American Jews are constantly campaigning for the post of Commander, American Legion, always shouting in Congress for a bigger navy, the president of the National Security League during the World War being a Jew. A Jew headed the movement to restore the home of Thomas Jefferson in Monticello, a Jew headed the recent George Washington Bicentennial Celebration. And who but a Jewess could or would coin a name like Sadie American?

Disraeli, a Jew, gave England Empire. Sir Rufus Isaacs, a Jew, administered it, and Sir John Simon, another Jew, recently defied the Kremlin to knock the British chip off his stiffened shoulder. What Englishman was more English than the late Lord Melchett, who had to fight his way back on his death bed to a faint knowledge that he was a Jew?

The Jewish Forum is forced to explain, "That the Jewish consciousness has not been obliterated from the minds and hearts of our French brethren is largely attested to by the numerous social and philanthropic enterprises which they maintain outside of France." And the Grand Rabbin I. Levi says, "We assimilate the French language, the French culture, French political ideals, etc."

It was the hundred-percentism of Ernest Nathan that kept this Jew mayor of the Eternal City eternally, not the questionable fact that "the Italian has more persistent blood than the German," to quote again the hot-brained Dr. Wagener. What native of sunny Italy was more Italian than Baron Sonnino, Ottolenghi or Luzzatti? And Mussolini has named the Jew Della Sata as the leading authority on prehistoric Italy. "The Jews of Rome are more Italian than the Hebrew," according to an Italian correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency who says in *The Jewish Daily Bulletin*, "It is almost impossible to recognize them as Jews even with a practised Jewish eye. To an American the Jews of Rome seem

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more recognizably Italian than one sees in the Via Nazionale. It is in the Jewish Ghetto that one finds the types that are exemplified by the class of immigrants most frequently seen in America. The women are uncorsetted and wear black cotton dresses; they alone are adorned with golden earrings drawn through pierced ears; the men look like New York fruit peddlers."

The Old Testament is the Bible of racial exclusiveness, a fact Hitler should become acquainted with before he rips it out of the binding. The very terminology of the ancient Jews testifies to their militant nationalism. What was in the clannish minds of their Prophets is crystallized in the contemporary slogan, "Jewry for Jews." Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Rust and even Dr. Wagener have yet to take up the narrow claims of country against God as did Jonah who refused to obey Jehovah's instructions to interest himself in the neighboring Assyrians. To punish Jonah for his callow indifference to these "aliens" Jehovah, so the Bible story goes, smuggled Jonah into Nineveh in the belly of a whale.

Saul of Tarsus had already become the Paul of the world, psychologically, when he announced, "There is no distinction between Jew and Greek," a fact of which you could never have convinced the Greeks. These most enlightened of all the ancients viewed with suspicion all those whose language they could not understand, proving how superior one always is by reason of his own ignorance. Had the learned Greeks some notions of comparative philology the whole complexion of Greek prejudices would have been changed. But the Nazis have their Bohn library, or have they burned it? Plato and Aristotle never considered the Hindu mystics—the original Sanskrit Aryans—other than "barbarians," as the Hitlerites see nothing in the Jew but "Mediterranean scum." Good translations were not in vogue in those glorious days gone by and many Attic notions have come down to us unrevised. No Greek ever understood and every Nazi has yet to learn (and from a despised Slav) that any man who thinks himself superior to another is like a mathematical fraction which, the more you multiply the less it becomes, to paraphrase Tolstoy.

Upon what do the proud unbending Portuguese Jews base their superiority to their English co-religionists? The English to the German Jews? The German Jews to the Russian Jews? The Russian Jew, in turn, feels most superior to the Galician Jew, calls him "Galician *Chazar*," and the German Jews used to sneer at the Polish Jews as "*wasser Pollaks*." The Georgian Jew feels superior to the Khazar Jew, the Morocco Jew to the Berber Jew. The Russian Jew has all but got an incurable inferiority complex from the German Jew who can not help patronizing him even during these dark days of trial when he is timidly tapping at his door for protection. The recent vogue in the United States for everything Russian from drama to movies was stimulated by none other than Russian Jews.

Among all the three hundred million inhabitants of India, are any more Indian in appearance, manner or speech than those twenty thousand Bene Israel Jews? The same holds true for Japan and its Jews, China and its Jews. When recently a representative of some Chinese Jews was asked by a representative of some American Jews what his co-religionists desired most, he replied in perfect Chinese, "A school for our children that they may learn who they are."

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Even among the eight thousand Bombay Jews those emigrants from England "put on the dog" to those with a German accent and the Turkish Jew from Bagdad, lazy as he is, feels ever so much more important than the shy Bene Israel native Jew.

These Bagdad Jews have made their filthy ghetto at the very other end of Bombay, far as they can get from the native Jews, though both are equally interested in Zionism. The Turkish Jew who wears a still dirtier red fez than the native will have nothing to do with the Bene Israel who, dressed in characteristic Indian rags, will not eat of cow's flesh. Nor will the Bene Israel permit any intermarriage between members of their squalid community and those of their co-religionists of still darker skin. They spurn them as "Black Jews" as they themselves are spurned by the Turkish Jews. These illiterate, underfed Jews luxuriate in a sense of racial superiority to the "Black Jews" (dark as the Abyssinian Jews, Falashas) seeming to be as partial to blond values in matters of skin as the Berlin Brown Shirts.

Curious that the thorough-going Nazis who have overlooked nothing in their "purification" processes, from religion to prize-fighting, are absolutely without any inner urge to revise any of their own confused thoughts. They still continue to confound psychological, religious and geographical issues, so that no one yet knows the real motives why that Jewish Professor of Indo-Germanic Philology committed suicide. One witless ukase follows another that has no place outside venom. If they don't stop the wheels of their moronic industry they will soon convince the world at large, even if they don't the natives, of their need for "sterilizing the mentally unfit." It's gone so far that even Hitler is constantly complaining about "the inertia of the mind," just as the *Berliner Tageblatt* has to save its editorial face by announcing in brutal Gothic, "There may not be any room for wit these days of political strife."

No wonder. One day it features a Nazi proclamation for the Jews to get out of Germany, the next it tells them to try to get out. One day it runs a poster accusing the Jews of being "anational" and the next day threatens them if they speak or write in German. One day it announces that they are "aliens," the next it gives the news of a law depriving them of citizenship. The recently appointed Reich expert on Aryanism, Dr. Achim Gercke, will be able to maintain his enthusiasm for his post in direct ratio as he succeeds in shutting himself out from the devastating knowledge that he and his fellow Nazis are as Asiatic-minded as are those black Bene Israel Jews who never heard of the blond Storm Troopers.

"Racially, it would seem they [Aryans and Semites] had a remote common origin," Wells comments in his *Outline of History*, wherein the Nazi blood expert will find, though it break his heart, that it was Gautama, not Hitler, who originated the Aryan Way, the Aryan Path and the Aryan Truth. Intending to cheer up those hungry office-seekers everywhere trailing the elusive Chancellor, Dr. Gercke does throw a left-handed compliment to the blue-eyed races outside Germany, explaining, "While all Germans are Aryans, all Aryans are not Germans."

"The whole spirit of the Nazi movement is Oriental in its remote origins and far more antagonistic to what Mr. Hitler calls the 'Aryan' spirit than any-

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thing that the German Jews could discover for him in the Law and the Prophets," says the New York *Herald-Tribune* editorial writer, pinning the Nazi to the board with a little denationalized thinking. "The Nazi appeal is clearly to a proto-Teutonism that has not dominated Germany for fifteen centuries. It is the kind of appeal which no one would have rejected more swiftly and forcibly than the ancient Teuton. . . . The military despotism over mind, body and soul which settled upon Rome in its decadence was clearly recognized by Tacitus and the other historians of the Empire as an Oriental blight which was destroying their ancient 'Aryan' liberties."

The deliberated nationalism of the German Jew has done more to harm Zionism than all the bitter speeches leveled at the movement by the British Lords or all the savage attacks of the Palestinian Arabs at the Wailing Wall. Zionism has never meant much more to the average German Jew than just another scheme of Russian Jews and as such they have relentlessly opposed it. "The German Jew always considered Zionism a mad caprice of '*Ost Juden*,' the Jews of Eastern Europe," the Jerusalem correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency comments on the arrival of the refugees from Germany who seem bewildered in the Holy Land. "For years they looked upon Zionism as something queer, somewhat disreputable." Zionism itself is a nationalist movement, a wish-fulfilment of those disinherited Jews who have been unable to make a little niche for themselves in the countries of their adoption.

If the southern Russian Jew has cruder manners than a Khazar, the Prussian Jew has always been more obtrusive in manner than any native swash-buckler. The fiercest nationalists the White Army ever encountered were those Derbend Jews whose ferocity made the Cossacks seem like wooden soldiers. Long before Hitler made a racket out of national hatred, one of the major prophets, Ezekiel, complained to his brethren that they had "done after the ordinances of the nations round about you."

This national impurity of thought—not their mythical internationalism—is the real "Jewish menace" to the continued peace of a world that still dreams of brotherhood. Nor will sanity descend upon the bewildered Reich when its German Student group (*Deutsche Studentenschaft*) "achieves the will and the ability to overcome Jewish intellectuality," but when the German Jew himself purges his thought from its narrow nationalism. And the same applies to every other Jewish national.

It might then somehow dawn on the minds of these incorrigible nationalists that their exclusive thought contains all the vicious features, in embryo, of all exclusive thinking which has one black goal—war.

The day the German Jew resolutely begins to "threaten the racial integrity of the Germans," that very day will he rescue his own psychological integrity —that day will he take his place with the progressive spirits of the world who want their thought pure—that day will he turn aside from the temptation to cooperate in the restoration of Thor and Odin and those other pagan gods who smiled down on their Vandal devotees drinking human blood out of the skulls of their fallen enemies.

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Sniper's Gold

By Tom White

One of the depression's queerest phenomena is the horde of gold-seekers in our Western hills

Weather-beaten signs bearing the legend "No Help Wanted" have done some curious things to this country, not the least of which is the violent dislodgment of millions from their accustomed grooves. After this comes the disturbing process of reclassification—a dazed interlude while eager, inefficient hands and minds grow used to alien tasks, if they have found any.

An outstanding example of occupational regrouping, resulting in a rearrangement that is at once picturesque and possessed of a dynamic appeal to the imagination, is that of gold sniping. Considering the unknown thousands so engaged, sniping has taken on the proportions of a major movement; and in the wake of this movement, which is plainly a direct result of acute industrial dislocation, there has sprung up a new sort of philosophical outlook. Highly elemental by reason of environment, cosmopolitan for the best of economic reasons, a distinctly piquant flavor is imparted to the new outlook with the addition of that compelling force known as luck.

Like an egg, luck is either good or bad: there is no middle ground in this new philosophy. The sniper's luck is uniformly bad, but deep-hidden behind a sweat-soaked brow there lingers the pale shadow of a hope that he may be blessed with the other kind. While there is nothing new in that thought, there is something new and heartening in the knowledge that while hoping —and working—he is at least earning beans and jeans. Strictly speaking, he has a job, and though the return is meagre, his eyes and hands are busy; he is occupied. Endless miles of city pavement have become alien ground; his domain of today is a far different sort of place from that of yesterday.

Accustomed to the office, the shop and the store, and this followed by three years of idleness, the sniper has fitted into the primitive life of the hills with singular adaptability. The fact that names smacking of recent contact with Ellis Island are conspicuously absent from the ranks of the peripatetic gold miners is in itself significant. Martin, De Witt, Saylor, Hensley—such names are eloquent proof of pioneer qualities honestly inherited.

During the past summer sniping or river mining drew more heavily from the ranks of the unemployed than at any time during the depression. It is estimated that approximately 50,000

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persons busied themselves at washing gulch gold in the States of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Inasmuch as California is known to embrace the most extensive gold fields in North America, and that her placers yielded vast fortunes in the days of the golden era, it is natural that approximately one-half of the snipers were drawn to the ravines and rivers whose headwaters spring from the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas.

An army of 50,000 persons is capable of performing a prodigious amount of labor, even though women are included, as nearly all of them work shoulder to shoulder with their menfolk. Prodded by grim necessity, and taking the pick and shovel route in preference to Community Chest tickets, which was entirely a matter of their own choice, 12,000 men and women in California during 1932 produced and sold to bullion buyers, the mint and to private refiners 30,880 lots of new gold consisting of dust, nuggets and amalgam, according to a recent bulletin issued by the United States Bureau of Mines. Parenthetically, almost one-half of California's million dollar gain in gold production during 1932 over that of the previous year was credited to the efforts of the sniper.

Now to get at the other side of the picture. Quoting the bulletin further, it is found that "The individual lots ranged from nine cents to as much as $100 in some instances. This new gold (23,870 fine ounces) amounted to $493,437. The average value of each lot sold was $16, and the average amount received by the prospectors for their labors during the season or the entire year was $41.12. The foregoing figures are compiled by the United States Bureau of Mines from records of ninety-four bullion dealers licensed by the State Mineralogist to purchase gold in California in 1932."

To the river miner the bullion buyer occupies the same relationship as that existing between the farmer and the commission man. The buyer acts as go-between or contact man for the miner, and as such he often lets himself in for as much censure as the purchaser of crops. As a matter of fact, the gold buyer's skirts are relatively clean; at the same time, one can hardly blame the sniper for asking the obliging druggist or jeweler to make a check weight of his dust before he visits the buyer's office. He works hard enough for it.

The familiar $20.67 an ounce is not the rate at which the miner is paid unless he ships or takes the yellow stuff to the mint, and trips are expensive; even then, he will receive hardly better than $18 an ounce based on the total weight of his "poke" due to the presence of other metals, chiefly silver, that are chemically allied with his gold. Which is just one of Old Lady Nature's ways of flashing a sardonic grin at the river miner. However, the mint pays him at the well known rate for all gold 1.000 fine (twenty-four karats), and for silver at the official rate, less a fraction of a cent an ounce. Government has always been meticulous about such matters; and further to encourage the individual miner who may wish to ship or bring in small lots, the San Francisco mint is now taking a minimum of two ounces of new metal, where formerly no less than $100 worth was acceptable.

In spite of the California regulation providing for the licensing of gold buyers, one particularly enterprising "skinner" made a whirlwind trip through a

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number of snipers' camps last season. He had to work fast, for his was a buying racket. Besides an impressive-looking pair of balances he carried a handful of brand new copper pennies—"not even slightly worn." Also, he had a logical explanation for the derivation of the word pennyweight, a Troy unit of weight. The rest was quite simple: the miner's gold went into one pan, one or more pennies went into the other, and on the basis of so many of these "penny-weights" the gold was bought. He could well afford, as he did, to pay a higher rate than the licensed buyers for the reason that had he allowed even the full rate for 1.000 fine metal his profits would still have been about fifty per cent, such is the difference between a pennyweight and the weight of a penny—even a new one.

Experienced buyers agree that their average purchases amount to about $15, their highest running into the neighborhood of $100, while they frequently purchase a few grains, or about enough to buy a packet of cigarettes. These figures may mean something or nothing, as the man who brings in a two dollar poke may live close enough to town to make weekly trips, while he who drops a five-ounce package on the buyer's desk may have panned and sluiced for six months before scraping that much together. Or, this same man may be one of those select few privileged to worship at the inner shrine of the Goddess of Gold, known as "old-timers," whose hard-won knowledge of rock, sand and gravel has enabled them to tease treasure from the ground at the rate of $100 a month. But the ranks of the old-timers whose success is measured by the $100 yardstick are so thin that they have all but reached the vanishing point.

The production of gold, like the building of a steamship or the spanning of a mighty river, is something that to be economically feasible calls for mass effort. Today the individual is a pariah in the kingdom of the Goddess of Gold. Not for thirty-five years has she smiled on him, and then only half-heartedly; nor is he ever likely to find favor in her eyes again. Powerful electric dredges each capable of digging and sluicing from 10,000 to 18,000 cubic yards of gravel daily, platoons of miners armed with chattering air drills and dynamite that rip out immense caverns from the solid rock as they follow the gold vein—these are what bring a ravishing smile to the lips of the Lady of Gold.

Those who swarmed into California in '49 and the early 'Fifties were not miners; they were merely harvest hands. The stuff was here, there, everywhere for miles around, waiting for some one to claim it and pack it off. When they suddenly found themselves face to face with these vast riches they behaved exactly as they would had they found themselves exposed to imminent, personal peril—each man shifted for himself, and for a time the individual reigned supreme.

"The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49" were literally nothing if not dreams come true, for the individual. He thrived beyond his wildest imaginings right up to the point where the golden cream played out and he broke through into the milk. Then came partnerships, companies, syndicates, corporations, and with each advance in organization magnitude the individual faded deeper and deeper into the distance.

Still, for a while, even the top of the milk persisted in attracting the single-handed worker, but this time it was the

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Chinese. With characteristic Oriental thoroughness he panned the gulches, ravines and riverbeds of the Mother Lode country to the point where even for him it was paltry pickings. So when his clean-ups failed to yield more than the daily dollar, he muttered, "No can do some more," then he quit. This was fifty years ago.

Now comes the sniper with his shovel and pan and sluice-box—frequently his wife, too, and oftener than not, a healthy spark of hope that will turn his shovel into a divining rod that will point to something that John Chinaman's keen eyes overlooked. If and when he finds the treasure, single-handed of course, the odds are ten to one that he will continue to work single-handed until his solitary labors cease to yield profits and he is forced to give ground to machinery and a share of the profits to associates. This is part of the gold psychology.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the army of snipers appeared, Topsy-like, in the hills and immediately began scratching about in aimless fashion like a brood of motherless chicks. Some one had to tell them how to go about their work: they needed intelligent direction, as fully ninety-five per cent of their number had never in ante-depression years even so much as seen a gold pan, outside of a museum. Consequently, droves of them struck out into the hills at first without even the most elementary instruction; keen was their disappointment until they learned what it was all about; Gypsy-like they wandered blindly through hills and dales that had never been known to yield a dollar in gold to the square mile; and it was not until the season was well along that most of them, their money all but exhausted, had found a promising bar, bank or bed on which to set up their home-made sluice-boxes. The others had become public charges in communities where they were not only utter strangers but where there were already too many hungry persons to feed. The shoe pinched all over.

Meanwhile, sensing that a major movement was afoot the success of which, even to a degree, means at least a seasonal lightening of the unwieldy burden carried by relief agencies, certain forward-looking States undertook the simple expedient of preparing their embryo miners for their new work. It was quickly realized that the trifling expense involved in carrying on such instruction would unquestionably result in saving taxpayers many times that much. State governments are seldom knowingly and deliberately beneficent, but in this instance taxpayer relief carries with it an element of altruism in that the sniper is distinctly and directly helped.

One of the largest schools for river miners is conducted by the California State Division of Mines, at the San Francisco office, where classes are held twice weekly, the attendance at each class ranging from two hundred to three hundred. The prime requisite for matriculation is a thorough understanding that when once located in the field the budding miner will do very well if he washes a yard of gravel a day and recovers fifty cents' worth of gold for his eight to ten hours of labor. Class instruction is made up largely of professional advice on where and how to prospect for placer gold, and practical demonstrations on the use of the pan, rocker, dip or sluice-box, long Tom and the like. Also, printed information is given out dealing with actual prospecting, the building and operating of equipment,

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instructions on filing, high lights on mining law, hints on the sale and shipment of dust and amalgam, including a list of buyers throughout the State.

If all the reputable printed matter dealing with the mining of gold, such as that issued by the United States Bureau of Mines and the various States as well as textbooks and other reliable reference works in 3,000 public libraries, were stacked one atop the other, it would make a ladder of knowledge as high as Jack's beanstalk; yet in spite of this mass of accurate data it is astounding how many men will pin their faith, hope (and later charity enters the picture) on glaringly exceptional bits of misinformation to the effect that easy money and plenty of it is waiting for the man with a dip-box and pan. To paraphrase a recently popular song, it may truly be said, "Gold, thy spell is everywhere." But when this spell takes the form of the printed word, and glowing assurances, veiled or otherwise, are dangled about, the spell takes on the form of a two-edged sword neither edge of which, unfortunately, endangers the most deserving neck. The harm is done not only to the one who is bitterly deceived by such publicity, which is bad enough, as gullibility generally goes hand in hand with a woeful lack of preparation—it works a real hardship on those already in the field who have been fortunate enough to find diggings that will yield thirty to forty cents a day for a limited number. ("For the love of Mike, mister, if you're writing us up, don't say we're taking out ten dollars in gold before lunch!" As might be reasonably expected, some are bitter on this point.)

Not long ago a young chap breezed into Nevada City, a picturesque old mining camp and a live one in the roaring 'Sixties and 'Seventies. Because it looked more like a town in the rolling hills of his native New England than it did a mining camp, according to Hollywood standards, he warmed up to the place; and that night in a restaurant he confided to an old-timer that he was headed for the hills, the very first thing in the morning. "Yep; I quit my job in the store, climbed into the old Lizzie, California-bound, and as soon as I can buy a pick and a shovel and a pan —will I need anything else, mister?— I'm going to hit the highway again and go after some of that five to ten dollars a day stuff I've been reading about." In vain the other tried to tell him he was crazy; that because there were thousands ahead of him, some of them experienced miners, he would do well to make a dime a day. . . . Two weeks later, a battered car with a boiling radiator clattered up to the filling station next to Ott's assay office; the young New Englander climbed out, looked squarely into the level gaze of his friend, the old-timer. "Well, how did you make out, son?" "Oh, I got something, anyway." He had—forty cents' worth. "But I'm going home."

Extravagant statements notwithstanding, it has been estimated by competent authorities that in the foothill region of the Sierra Nevadas there are seven billion cubic yards of gold-bearing gravel carrying approximately fifteen cents in values per yard. Due to various difficulties, three billion yards of this material can not now be worked, leaving four billion yards that may some day yield a treasure valued at $600,000,000. At least it's there. While the average of all the workable patches in the whole broad sweep of the rugged foothill country unquestionably would give up fifteen cents a yard, it takes

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nothing less than quantity production methods to get at it, including of course the five-cent material on which scanty fare even monster dredges would fail utterly to show an operating profit if it were not for the richer gravels whose contents bring the average up to the fifteen cent level.

The sniper would have to work unconscionably long hours to wash as much as two yards of this gravel, and at that he would do well to recover twenty-five cents in values. His only salvation, then, lies in working the creek and river gravels into which a mite of fresh wealth is brought down by the streams after each rainy season. Considering that here is where the greatest natural concentration of "free" gold takes place, it follows that the favored spots lie along stream beds; hence the sniper camps strung out along the banks of such rivers as the Stanislaus, Mokelumme, Consumnes, American, Bear, Yuba, Feather, Trinity, Klamath and scores of creeks and ravines feeding these streams.

In this vast stretch of territory lie thousands of square miles never reached by the sound of a locomotive whistle nor the blare of a bus horn. But there are plenty of roads, and no matter how flat the sniper's purse, there is a certain irreducible minimum of supplies and equipment below which it would be folly to venture into the field; hence the Fords, Chevrolets, Dodges, here and there a Buick—none of a vintage more recent than '29, which is significant—that are just as much a part of the river miner's equipment as his frying pan, and as indirectly vital to his work as the omnipresent gold pan.

The typical camp arrangement of the "four-bit" man is an ingenious set-up. The tent shelters the Dutch oven, pile of dry firewood and a case or two of provisions; it pinch-hits as pantry, boudoir and clothes closet. A large canvas fly stretches over the tent and the jacked-up auto, standing four to six feet away, affording ideal shelter for living-dining room purposes. With its cut-away front seat, the car provides comfortable sleeping quarters. ("Of course, we haven't twin beds, but my husband and I have pillows and plenty of wool blankets. I guess we're lucky. . . . What do we call our camp? I don't know unless," turning to her neighbor with a wry smile, "we call it Camp Hoover: he put us here." Then as an after-thought, "Unless we can get out before 1936, and providing we don't starve before then, we're going to call it Camp Roosevelt—if he keeps us here.")

Dutch Flat and Howland Flat, Rough & Ready and You Bet, Cape Horn and Red Dog, and the regions roundabout Gold Run, Midas, Bullion, Port Wine, Brandy City and Drytown, and scores of other haunts of the early day miners—all have been administered an extra potent dose of spring tonic with the coming of this year's army of gold-grubbers. Cabins and shacks unoccupied for decades, some whose roofs have long succumbed to the weight of five-foot snows, have responded in satisfying measure to the needs of the sniper. A little work on the roof, a rebuilt chimney, a few panes of glass, a pair of door hinges, the removal of a prodigious amount of accumulated dirt—and at least a semblance of a home has been created. While none dares look too searchingly into the mouth of this gift-horse, nevertheless it has its compensations. Into this picture of a new-found home sweet home will never enter the

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figure of the rent or instalment collector, nor will meter readers come prying about at regular thirty-day intervals, followed with lunar regularity by the unescapable evidence of their calls. Which is something.

Deeper even than the question of shelter is that concerning food. ("Yes; we can get along all right, providing we don't eat too much." One hears that repeatedly.) The buying power of even this year's fifty-cent piece has to be stretched unbelievably far to buy food for one and often two persons whose appetites, under the compelling urge of hard labor, make heavy inroads on a limited larder. This means of course that the man who scrapes together less than fifty cents a day, and his number is legion, either performs miraculous feats of domestic management or else digs into his nest egg, if any. Bartering eases the situation here and there, especially where one's pre-depression experience meets the elemental demands of the new order of things. There's a cobbler camped along lower Butte Creek who half-soles his neighbors' shoes for ten pounds of beans or two pounds of bacon; an ex-druggist near Smartsville alternates his labors with shovel and dip-box by administering first aid help, for which he receives pay in divers forms; a former grocery store manager with a distinct mechanical bent has developed, while camping on his "four-bit claim" along Bear Creek, a positive genius for remedying any ill to which auto mechanism falls heir, for which he is paid in anything from a few pounds of dried onions to a nearly new sweater. Orchardists and small farmers of the lower foothill regions enter the bartering picture by paying off their sniper harvest hands in peaches, pears, apples and garden truck.

Hill fever is an odd malady and one requiring far more heroic treatment than a perfunctory dose of sulphur and molasses. While even the most extreme cases have failed to develop a greater hunger for gold than for food, the fact remains that unnumbered thousands have lifted up their eyes unto the hills from whence, they believe, cometh their help—in the shape of yellow grains.

EAGERLY they leave the highways for the byways, turning their faces toward the prospect of a mere pittance earned at grueling labor, and their backs on the certainty of receiving from two to five times as much from their local relief agencies. Exactly what does this mean? Is it the expression of a commendable spirit of independence bordering on the heroic—a desire to rid themselves for a time from the stinging condescension of charity dispensers? Do they really cherish the hope of making a worth while find? Are they prompted by the laudable desire to keep busy at something—anything? Are they lured to the hills "just to get away from it all"?

Close questioning of scores of them discloses fully as many reasons, some shading from one into another, but all concerned with gold. It seems that the magic word itself is still potent; it still carries the age-old enchantment, the same sorcery that inspired the sun-worshipers to assign the name of their deity to the yellow metal. In short it is still something to conjure with, especially when the gleam of a particle worth no more than three cents, glimmering in regal yellow in the miner's pan along the upper edge of the black sand streak, persists in setting up an accelerated heart action.

This year more than ever, the foot-

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hill regions present the most curious picture ever drawn against such a background. In the 'Fifties, when the rush was on and the bulk of the cream in the shape of placer gold was being skimmed off and lode mining was just getting away to a good start, every one was busy and unbelievably prosperous, both the independent miner on his placer claim and the man working underground for wages. Then, as gravel gold became scarce and river mining unprofitable, the solitary miner abandoned his claim and either went to work for a mining company or was readily absorbed in the ranks of some other industry. The building of transcontinental railroads, the development of newly opened farm lands, the throb of industrial life in fast growing communities—all this spelled prosperity which swept the country in waves, each mounting higher than the one before; and as agriculture and industry hopped blithely along like the rabbit in the fable, gold mining limped along at the pace of the well known tortoise, all of which of course is a normal economic phenomenon. Meanwhile, the hills were virtually deserted; only a few of the large mining companies could stand the strain of high wages in the face of a monotonous dead level price for their product. Then, in '29, the economic high compression motor started backfiring, and as the prospects of getting the thing to run became worse instead of better, as every other known industry began to succumb to the palsied touch of depression, the burden that had all but crushed the very life out of gold mining grew correspondingly lighter. Almost overnight, reduced labor and material costs were translated into terms of reopened mines, and the raising of daily tonnages and pushing of development work on the part of the steady producers. Under the spur of unwonted activity, mining camps flourished and grew to the cheery accompaniment of shrieking whistles and pounding stamps.

Meanwhile, slowly and quietly and in direct ratio to the growth of unemployment, the hills roundabout the gold-producing centres began stirring with a new life. Men filtered in, mostly with wives and children; they unloaded their cars and pitched their tents; they overran the beds of rivers, creeks, gulches, ravines, wherever the gravel disclosed the minutest particle of gold. They came with tin cans, cups, pill bottles and tweezers—these were the "crevicers" who grubbed about in the cracks and seams of the bedrock at low water periods. They came with gouges and bars, scrapers and scoops, picks and shovels, even whisk brooms and wire brushes for gathering the finer material into gold pans for cleaning. The "mossers" were there, too: rocks overgrown with moss will often yield appreciable bits of fine gold that is either shaken out or the whole burned and the ashes panned or winnowed. The "sluicers" far outnumbered the others, with their dip-boxes and rockers. Regardless of the class of mining they elected to follow, all had gold pans. In true pioneer fashion the women, too, went to work: clad in overalls, a cotton shirt, a broad brim straw, they toiled along with their menfolk—"mucking back" with a long-handled shovel, throwing rocks out of the gravel, ladling water into the dip-box, preparing meals and cooking them over a wood fire.

From twenty to fifty cents a day—rarely any more: such is the sniper's average return. Yet perhaps less than a mile away and a thousand or two thousand feet underground is another man,

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a miner, too, but he is working for wages at the rate of four dollars a day, and his helper, the mucker, is paid three and a half. After eight hours they are through. If he wants to, the sniper may work from sun to sun, and many of them do.

Here, then, is a unique industrial picture: it shows two men working almost side by side toward a common objective, one making ten times as much as the other. And strangely enough, the greater the yield of gold, the wider yawns the economic gulf between them; that is to say, as mining company profits grow, their men will demand and get more pay, and as the ranks of the sniper army continue to swell, the supply of placer gold remaining practically constant, it is self-evident that the earnings of the individual river miner will shrink.

Despite his meagre return and knowing, in most cases, exactly what to expect, the sniper has evolved a philosophy in which the potential far outweighs the actual: it has to, else why did he come into the hills at all? To put it another way, he is an out-and-out gambler; compared with him the early day Argonauts were the rankest sort of pikers.

Those who came into the gold country in the early 'Fifties fully expected to garner rich harvests, and by a miracle —in the light of other stampedes—they did just that; and those who failed to cash in as miners did quite well by themselves as purveyors of various lines of merchandise at dizzy prices, or by working for wages that for years were pegged at lofty levels. For them there was no such thing as economic uncertainty. There was more than enough for every one, and if a man failed to gain a share of wealth in some degree or form it was entirely his own fault, no matter how woefully lacking he may have been in either manual skill or mental alertness.

Unless today's Argonaut worked three times as hard as his predecessor, he would have to leave the hills; either that or starve. And when the day is over he is fortunate indeed if his clean-up averages one-twentieth as much, although he may gain a grim sort of satisfaction from knowing that his food costs have been scaled down in proportion.

While the gold-seeker of eighty years ago staked everything on the outcome of his great adventure, he had in the majority of cases the advantage of far greater resources than the sniper of 1933. But in spite of his serious financial handicap, today's placer miner has a zest for his work that was seldom known in the early days. Then, the discovery already had been made—the whole world knew the stuff was there; now, the exquisite thrill of unearthing a stray twenty-dollar chunk is still in prospect. Which is another way of saying the sniper's eight to ten hours of grubbing around for thirty-five cents' worth of "color" is mostly a means to an end, providing he ever attains it. Although such admissions are not freely made, there lies beyond their daily work in more or less nebulous form the shadowy hope of turning up a nugget with the next shovelful, or possibly locating a rich pocket laid down by the eddying backwaters of the snow-fed streams.

None is so ambitious as to picture himself as a future James Marshall or George McKnight of discovery fame; at the same time he is ambitious enough to carry on in a game where all indications point to the cards being not only marked but stacked against him in a pretty hopeless kind of fashion.

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An Easy Way to War

By Hamilton Butler

Recent experiments with them, such as the Jewish boycott of German goods, make this discussion of economic sanctions particularly pertinent

The fact that boycotts, embargoes and other economic sanctions are more likely to lead to war than to peace is widely ignored by well-intentioned people, who forget that any upstanding nation, if forced to choose between being destroyed in war or being reduced to economic slavery, will take the more heroic alternative.

Americans are particularly prone to this form of oversight. The success, if it may be called such, which has attended their efforts to maintain peace by embargo among warring factions in this hemisphere, appears to many of them sufficient warrant for applying the same deterrent to conflicts farther afield. A good many Americans, too, are victims of a pacific ideal wholly unadulterated by realism. They carry on their crusade for arms embargoes and commercial and financial boycotts, season in and season out, without taking the slightest heed of the possible and probable consequences, at home and abroad, which the adoption of their programme would have. They are dangerous because they are both sincere and impractical.

The efforts of the Stimson-Hoover Administration to obtain from Congress the necessary authorization for the Executive to lay an arms embargo against a nation he deemed to be the aggressor in an international conflict, although they were not successful, afforded a startling revelation of how far forward our militant pacifists have pushed their assault on reason and experience. Congress, if it had given up the power asked of it, would have surrendered a very real protection for an intangible something, very problematical at best. Undoubtedly Secretary Stimson was sincere when he assured members of the House and Senate that the Administration had no intention of using the authority it sought against Japan: yet no one who realizes how tremendous the pressure is that organized minorities can bring to bear on the White House, will believe for a moment that our own peace or the peace of the world would have been advanced by taking the war-making power out of the hands of Congress, where the Constitution has placed it.

The resolution was jammed through the House under a rule which permitted no amendment of it. After it had been reported out in the Senate, Senator Bingham obtained its recall. The au-

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thority to discriminate between belligerents was taken out of it before it was finally acted upon. The power it conferred must be employed impartially and neutrally. One objectionable element was thus eliminated. A general embargo upon arms and munitions to all belligerents alike ought to satisfy those persons whose objection to providing others with the means of slaughtering each other is solely humanitarian. Any arms embargo is bound to act unequally and is therefore open to the charge of unneutrality: for no two belligerents are ever in exactly the same need of external aid and comfort of this nature. At an early stage of the World War the Central Powers raised a pertinent point. They alleged that, after the Allied blockade had cut off their supply of munitions from America, they were penalized by our continuing to furnish war material to their enemies. A resolution was offered in the Senate to stop the exportation of munitions to both sides. One reason why it was promptly killed was that the prospects of a profitable business with the Allies were then brightening. The embargo on arms shipments to the Far East, which the British Government imposed last spring, was protested by the Nanking authorities on the ground that it hit China far harder than it did Japan, which is now equipped to supply all the war material required for such an adventure as it was engaged in at the time. Although there is something to be said from that point of view, an embargo against all belligerents stands on solider moral and legal ground than one which presumes to pick the aggressor and then to penalize him. As Judge John Bassett Moore has pointed out, a government that discriminates between nations in this matter "intervenes in the conflict in a military sense and makes itself a party to the war." That is not the way to peace.

THE steps by which we have progressed from the wide-open sale of arms and ammunition to all and any who had the money to pay for them to our present situation are clearly marked by a long series of resolutions introduced in Congress during the past twenty years or more. The first of these was the Joint Resolution of March 14, 1912, which provided that

> when the President shall find that in any American country conditions of domestic violence exist which are promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States, and shall make proclamation thereof, it shall be unawful to export, except under such limitations and exceptions as the President shall prescribe, any arms or munitions of war from any place in the United States to such a country unless otherwise ordered by the President or by Congress.

Ample precedent for such a resolution could be found in the many proclamations issued by Presidents, as far back as Buchanan, against filibustering in Cuba, Mexico and other countries to the south. The notable features of the instrument are those confining its employment to this hemisphere and to conditions of domestic violence, as distinguished from violence between different nations. A decade later (January 31, 1922) another resolution extended the scope of the Executive authority to "any country in which the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction." China is such a country. Consequently it has been possible for the Government in Washington to intervene in the civil wars that have been going on in that unhappy land by issuing licenses for the exportation of war material only to the particular faction upon which it has be-

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stowed the blessing of diplomatic recognition. At the time of his resignation, as Chinese Minister in Washington, C. C. Wu stated that he could not aid or abet this discrimination against the Canton faction, with which he sympathized. China is thus bracketed with Cuba and Nicaragua, as far as arms embargoes go.

An effort further to curtail the sale of death-dealing implements by denying them to all belligerents was made by Congressman Burton, who offered in the House on January 25, 1928, a resolution providing that

> whenever the President recognizes the existence of war between foreign nations by making a proclamation of neutrality of the United States, it shall be unlawful, except by consent of Congress, to export or attempt to export any arms, munitions or implements of war from any place in the United States or any possession thereof, to the territory of either belligerent or to any place if the ultimate destination of such arms, munitions or implements of war is within the territory of either belligerent or any military or naval forces of either belligerent.

The distinctive feature of this proposal was its extension of the arms embargo idea to international wars in which the United States wished to be regarded as neutral. The thought behind it was to protect and uphold our neutrality, while we were attempting to limit hostilities by refusing the belligerents weapons with which to fight. There was no hint in it of deciding which party was the aggressor. The embargo was to be a passive gesture: certainly not an active instrument of compulsion.

A few months after Congressman Burton introduced this resolution the Pact of Paris was signed, virtually pledging the entire family of nations to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. This event has since shaped our approach to the question of economic sanctions. The Kellogg-Briand multilateral treaty was a gentlemen's agreement, with no other teeth in it than the obligation of nations to keep their word. The Soviet Union, first, and then Japan found themselves in dispute with China. Secretary Stimson sprang the Pact of Paris on them. The authorities in Moscow had no difficulty in establishing an alibi. Japan has taken refuge in the right of self-defense, which the signatories of that celebrated document were given to understand was implicit in it. At the same time Japan and China have been conducting a series of operations which, if it had not been for the advantage to be gained under the Covenant of the League of Nations by calling them something else, would long since have passed into the records as the second Chino-Japanese War.

All this has been very distressing to many people in this country, who really believed that the World War ended war and who are therefore unable to understand why nations go on fighting. They want the Pact of Paris fitted out with effective teeth. Among them is Senator Capper, who offered in the Senate on February 11, 1929, a resolution requiring that

> whenever the President determines and by proclamation declares that any country has violated the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war, it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, to export to such country arms, ammunitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war, until the President shall by proclamation declare such violation no longer continues.

The adoption of this resolution would have marked a tremendous expansion in our national attitude toward

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economic sanctions. Without consulting any other signatory, we should have had decided for us in Washington whether or not an apparent violation of the Pact of Paris was a violation of it in fact, and if the violation were real and contumacious, we should have found ourselves faced with a virtual cessation of trade with the offending nation—since there are few articles of commerce which do not come into use in war. Scarcely had this proposal been disposed of, when trouble broke out in Manchuria. Japan set out to remedy it by armed force. Whether this was war or merely, at first, a case of vicarious enforcement, was lost sight of in Secretary Stimson's haste to imply by notes to Tokyo and Nanking that he regarded it as a violation of the Kellogg-Briand pact. Senator Capper was equally prompt in attempting to give this implication the support of Congressional action. The purpose of the resolution he introduced in the Senate on April 6, 1932, was to implement Secretary Stimson's note of January 8, 1932. After quoting from the note the resolution continued:

> Sec. 2. That in case other nations, not parties to a dispute, have in open conference decided that any nation has committed a breach of the Pact of Paris by resort to other than pacific means, and have further decided not to aid or abet the violator by the shipment to it of arms or other supplies of war, or to furnish it financial assistance in the violation; and in case the President determines and by proclamation declares that a breach of the Pact of Paris has in fact been committed; it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, and until the President shall, by proclamation, declare such violation no longer continues, to export to the violating country arms, ammunitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war, or make any such trade or financial arrangement with the violating country or its nationals as in the judgment of the President may be used to strengthen or maintain the violation.

The effect of such a resolution, if adopted, would have been to bind us morally and by implication to follow the League of Nations in any punitive course it might have taken in the Far East. After the way the League has bungled the whole affair, any thoughtful person must be grateful that this country escaped any such commitment.

A NOBLE motive lies behind all these efforts to prevent or limit the ravages of war. A similarly noble motive underlay the recent attempt to remove the abuse of alcoholic beverages by Constitutional amendment. The two objectives are also alike in the fatuity of the methods by which it was sought to attain them. They won't work. Certain persons in Europe have been unkind enough to suggest that if we were in a position to lose as much by arms embargoes as some European countries are, we should hear less agitation for them. What is obviously true is that an arms embargo laid by one country against a nation like Japan is impotent to affect its decisions, as long as other arms-exporting nations continue to aid it in equipping its army and navy. What appears to be equally futile to expect is that all of the arms-exporting countries, with their widely different interests in different parts of the world, will agree voluntarily to take the same action at the same time against the same alleged violator of the Pact of Paris or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The United States, Great Britain and France "commonly supply three-fourths of all the arms and ammunition that go to export markets." Our contribution is principally in the shape of

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ammunition, while Great Britain and France go in more for the exportation of arms. Thus in 1929 we furnished 22.7 per cent of the world's export of ammunition and 9.6 per cent of its export of arms. Great Britain furnished 30.3 per cent of the arms and 36.7 per cent of the ammunition, while the corresponding figures for France were 18.5 per cent and 11.3 per cent. Any arms embargo against a belligerent could not hope to be effective unless all three of these powers were joined in its enforcement—and even then it might be evaded by other countries, which would be tempted by it to enlarge their own export trade in war materials and which could be prevented from doing so only by blockade, a step still nearer to the very war it is the object of all these sanctions to prevent or put a stop to.

An interesting sidelight on the probability of joint action by even the leading arms-exporting countries was provided by the short-lived embargo instituted last spring by the British Government on arms shipments to both Japan and China. This action was taken by the Government very suddenly—within not many hours after it had declared that such action by a single power would be futile: and to this day there has been no public announcement of the exact reason why it was taken. A special cable to the New York *Times* commented as follows:

> The British Government was distinctly pleased with itself today, as it studied the world's reactions to its arms embargo against Japan and China. Part of this satisfaction is the feeling that the problem now is squarely up to the United States and off Britain's shoulders for the time being. Part of it is pleasure at Foreign Secretary Simon's adroitness in having taken some kind of moral stand without risking a single British life or jeopardizing a single munitions worker's job. . . . The deepest secrecy is maintained as to existing contracts, but it is believed they will keep the factories busy for at least a month more before the exports of arms to Japan and China are stopped. . . . The British have the comfortable feeling that they have done something morally and ethically noble without losing anything. They are pleased to think that they have snatched moral leadership in this matter from the United States, which has talked of an arms embargo for months but has not yet taken effective action. If Congress should continue to block an embargo, the British warn they will reconsider and even withdraw their own, but they will be able to say then that it is the Americans' fault.

An attitude of that sort provides poor ground upon which to build hopes of sincere and whole-hearted coöperation of the great powers in any measure of this kind, where self-interest enters in as largely as it does in the munitions business. The British embargo was withdrawn before the existing contracts had been filled and the factories closed. Japan criticized it because it savored of a rebuke to her. The Nanking Government denounced it violently, as discriminating against China and in favor of Japan, which was in a position to turn out all the munitions it required. The State Department in Washington refused to take similar action, apparently on the ground that it did not penalize Japan as the aggressor, and that let France out, which had announced that it would take any step in which both the United States and Great Britain joined. As an excellent illustration of diplomatic buck-passing the British embargo ranks high: as a deterrent to war in the Far East it amounted to nothing.

Arms embargoes are merely limited boycotts. They boycott a nation in one direction and in connection with a single branch of trade. A distinction may be made on moral grounds: yet

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when one comes right down to economic realism, where dollars and cents count, the only difference between them is one of degree of profit and loss. Joint action by the great trading powers to give up a profitable market in the remote hope of bringing another country to their point of view is difficult of attainment: for the insuperable reason that the cost of a given embargo or boycott is not the same for any two nations, when measured by actual sacrifices necessary to make it effective. While one country is giving up a valuable market, another country may actually be profiting, directly or indirectly, therefrom. While certain persons may derive a measure of moral satisfaction from boycotting an alleged offender against the law of nations or an alleged violator of the Pact of Paris, another class of people in the same country may have to walk the streets because of the resultant disruption of the industries upon which their livelihood depends. The burden can not be made to fall evenly on the just and the unjust alike.

Suppose, for example, that the agitators for a boycott against Japan had had their way, at the time of the Shanghai affair. Japan supplies nearly eighty-five per cent of the raw silk upon which our silk industry depends and that industry employs a quarter of a million people. They would have been added to the already sufficient roll of unemployed in this country. On the other hand, Japan is one of the largest and most dependable purchasers of American raw cotton. She took in 1931 more than 1,740,700 bales, valued at nearly $80,000,000. As John Foster Dulles has said:

> If the recent Sino-Japanese situation had been felt to call for the application of economic sanctions, involving an embargo on cotton exports to the Far East, it would be the American cotton growers who would bear a large share of the cost. This would be evidenced by a sharp decline in the price of cotton, and other nations who were importers of cotton would be the gainers thereby.

Japan gets about forty-eight per cent of its raw cotton imports from the United States and about forty-two per cent from India. If we stopped shipping cotton to Japan and India did not, obviously India would benefit directly from our action, while the depression in price of raw cotton resulting from the stoppage of our exports to Japan would advantage the cotton manufacturers of England and the Continent. This fact, which was made clear by our experience during the early months of the World War, when the Allied embargo and blockade interrupted our trade with the Central Powers, should not be lost sight of in attempting to measure the influence of foreign encouragement to the United States to become the spearhead of the army of righteousness in strafing other go-getting nations. The complaints that flooded the State Department in 1905, when the Chinese carried out a boycott of American goods in retaliation for alleged abuses under our exclusion laws, showed how little sympathy for economic sanctions may be expected from those who grow cotton, as distinguished from those who make a business of pulling wool over the country's eyes. Another thing that has to be taken into account in this connection is the fact that Americans have something like $450,000,000 invested in Japan and in Japanese securities. Their interests can not be lightly disregarded.

Self-interest was just as prominent in the action of the smaller members of the League of Nations in condemning Japan's course with respect to China, as

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it was in the action of Great Britain in effectually blocking the application of sanctions to Japan that would have seriously cut into British trade, as well as endangered a friendship in the Far East upon which much of British policy is predicated. The little European countries, whose representatives in Geneva were so anxious to punish Japan, stood to lose nothing by embargoes or boycotts or even war, which the major powers would have had to conduct, while they thought to profit by erecting in the remote Orient precedents that might be useful to them at some future date nearer home. This country would be exceedingly ill advised to be dragged into active coöperation with any punitive movement based upon moral grounds so obviously thin and transparent.

The most dangerous fallacy that is being spread in this connection is that the aggressor in a complex situation can be divined as easily as a Connecticut farmer can discover a potential well with a crotched stick. Ambassador Bingham had hardly landed in England before he told an audience that "I do not believe there is a ten-year-old child of average intelligence anywhere in the world who could not fail in the event of war to select instantly the aggressor." Older persons find that more time is necessary to make selections that will stand the test of calm and judicial inquiry. The farther we get away from the World War the less certain our scholars are becoming that all the right was on one side and all the wrong on the other.

The truth is that neither the Covenant of the League of Nations nor the Pact of Paris provides an infallible guide to the detection of real, as distinguished from apparent, aggression by one nation or government against another. The machinery of propaganda is so highly developed today that those who control it can whitewash offenders or attach the stigma of aggression to innocent parties, with deceiving facility. Snap judgments are as likely to be wrong as to be right, when they are dictated by controlled public opinion. The United States was condemned by the man in the street in London, as it was by the man in the street in Paris, Berlin, Rome and every other Continental capital, as the aggressor, a wanton aggressor, when it attacked Spain in 1898. Similarly, American opinion was strongly against Great Britain in the Boer War. What we did have in 1898 was that "drawing-room sentiment" of London upon which John Hay placed so much stock that later he obtained for England the official support of the Administration in Washington in the South African War. That proved nothing regarding "the latent idealism of the common people." Aided by the censorship on news out of India today, a vast number of Americans appear to be convinced that Gandhi and his followers ought to be strung up for twisting the tail of British paramountcy. Yet Professor Harold J. Laski, an Englishman, says of the situation in India:

> I should be prepared to have Great Britain state her case in relation to India before the League of Nations with an entire confidence in the result such as, being an Englishman, I do not have when I am told by Englishmen that we are in India for the benefit of India, and by Indians that we are in India for the benefit of Great Britain. I find a certain margin of difference between those statements that leaves me with a sense of moral discomfort.

At the time of the Shanghai incident of 1932, a large and articulate element in this country, swept off its feet by

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Chinese propaganda, demanded that the great American people go to the succor of the still greater Chinese people. College professors petitioned the Government. An American Boycott Association was created in New York, which is still trying to induce Americans not to buy Japanese goods or lend the Japanese any money. Agitation reached the point where the least misadventure in Shanghai would have produced another *Maine* and war with Japan would have been unavoidable. Although the atmosphere was anything but conducive to calm judgments, Secretary Stimson picked his aggressor and Senator Capper drafted his resolution to enable economic pressure to be brought upon Stimson's selection. The effects of the lies then told and the propaganda that flooded the country are still active, although it long ago became clear that the clash between the Chinese 19th Route Army and the Japanese landing party was deliberately incited by the Cantonese faction that had just been thrown out of the Nanking Government, as a means of embroiling Chiang K'ai-shek with Japan, or, if that failed, as it did, to enable the malcontents to denounce his lack of "patriotism" to a populace infused with a new nationalism based on acute anti-foreignism.

THE present is a high-strung era. The art of stirring up popular feeling in one country against another has been so refined that it is particularly necessary, if nations would avoid war, to be on guard against foreign influences behind national judgments. Above all else is it necessary to disabuse our minds of the idea that nations have given up war as a means of protecting what they regard as vital interests or will quietly submit to "pacific" starvation. It may be useful to take a thought from Lord Percy:

> There is a good deal of pharisaism in the current talk about a "change of spirit" in international affairs. This talk seems to be based on the dangerously smug assumption that the wars of the past have been caused wantonly by the ambitions of statesmen. This assumption is quite mistaken, as every historian knows. At the root of every great war there has been a real conflict of interests and usually also a real conflict of belief about right or wrong.

The days of territorial expansion may have largely passed. The battles of the future apparently are to be for the possession of what Sir Thomas Holland calls the earth's "strategic minerals." These are the basis of our industrial development, as well as of national defense. Americans, who are self-sustaining except for nickel, tin and rubber, among the essential raw materials of peace and war, are likely to forget the constant terror under which nations not so favored live. Japan's efforts to obtain economic independence by obtaining control of dependable sources of raw materials have led it into Manchuria. And every time an agitation is started abroad to restrain it by economic sanctions, Japan merely takes up another hole in the belt of its determination. The same desire to secure economic independence was behind German and French colonial activities. Great Britain has gone into many corners of the earth over which its flag does not fly to make sure of an oil supply that will not fail it in war. American rubber consumers are still seeking to free themselves of dependence on alien rubber supplies. All up-and-doing peoples are looking to the future in this respect. The acquisitive instinct is as keen today as it ever was. The significance of this fact has been admirably stated by a thoughtful English publicist:

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Similar suspicions may be aroused by the most ordinary and innocent operations of commerce. The acquisition of a wolfram mine in Bolivia by a Canadian or American firm becomes a move in the war control of materials for munitions: a shipping merger in the West African trade is judged according to whether its management will be centered in London or Paris. Such apprehensions may well have a more unsettling effect on international good-feeling than even competition in armaments, and in a future war carefully organized control by belligerents over their own exports may be more damaging to neutral trade than the most lawless action by contending navies.

As these lines are written, Japan is debating the largest peace-time naval and military budget in its history. The Japanese are not an aggressive people, as peoples the world over go. They have merely come to the conclusion expressed by the late Marshal Muto in these words: "I repeat that neither the League of Nations nor any other power can change our determination to pursue our established aims in Manchuria." They are alive to their own paucity of industrial raw material and are convinced that their national salvation depends upon obtaining from abroad what they can not produce at home. They are in this respect much like other nations, which have the power to take what they want. They believe there is a higher law than the Covenant of the League of Nations or the Pact of Paris: the law of self-preservation.

All this doubtless is disquieting to good people who believe that, after the United States has acquired all the territory it desires—and some which it would like to get rid of—the *status quo* should be crystallized: that there should be no more alterations of boundaries or sovereignties. Unfortunately the day when that happens, is still far in advance of the present generation. And to attempt to hasten it by means of economic sanctions, with the idea that they will be accepted by the nations to which they are applied as anything but an invitation to war, appears to be about as costly a method of stirring up the embers of conflict as could be devised. If we want to provoke war, we can do it by continuing along the line mapped out by our pacifists with embargoes and boycotts until we clash with Japan or another nation. If we really wish to avoid war, the less said about such things the better.

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The Neglected Hypochondriac

By Marian Tyler

Who suggests a method of dealing with him based on the assumption that he is merely a person of sensitive nerves and physiological idiosyncrasies

I know a man who feels ill about half the time. He has spent in the last five years at least one whole year's income on medical attention. One of the best hospitals in the country, after analyzing and X-raying him from head to foot, gave him a clean bill of health; yet an evening party, a short trip by train or motor, a sandwich at the wrong hour, a cocktail or a glass of beer at any hour, spoils the next two days for him. He and his friends reluctantly concluded that he was a hypochondriac, but his wife had another theory, one which contains a wise suggestion for every one of dubious health, and perhaps even for the learned profession of medicine. She got a notebook and made a record, day by day for three months, of everything he ate, and of every fluctuation in his health. She finally worked out a régime which will keep him in normal condition as long as he follows it. It is severe enough so that he breaks it from time to time, hence the vestiges of his ill health.

Of the doctors who examined him at such vast expense, about half pronounced every part of him healthy, without saying much about the way the parts functioned together. The other half suspected, in fact accused him, of almost every disease from acidosis to syphilis, and spoiled his confidence in their more encouraging colleagues. His collection of diagnoses alone might have sufficed to turn any one less intelligent into a nervous wreck.

No reputable doctor likes to waste time on a hypochondriac. How is he, sympathetic as he may be, to remove an organic cause that can't be found? We smile indulgently or impatiently, depending on the closeness of our connection, at the professional invalid, or even the man who fills his medicine cupboard with too large an assortment of remedies and antiseptics. But give us one little pain which the doctor can not locate, and we are hypochondriacs ourselves. I venture to say that everybody with a normal imagination becomes a candidate for bread pills at least once in his life, probably far oftener.

The line between hypochondria and a genuine functional disorder is also shadowy at best. Think of the sufferers from recurrent indigestion (induced by worry) the persons who forever have a little cough (purely nervous) the martyrs to inexplicable blinding headaches. The physical distress which these

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people suffer is not necessarily removed by an impatient physician's assurance that the symptoms arise purely from a state of mind. They are really sick, often chronically sick, and this does not make them any more popular with the doctor, who enjoys curing a case of typhoid, or performing a dramatic operation, not fussing around with people whose temperature and blood-pressure are normal. The director of the New York Academy of Medicine admitted in a public statement that most doctors have little interest in chronic complaints. Yet such ailments, he admitted further, affect 70,000 people in New York City all the time, cause thousands of deaths a year, and waste time and labor worth more than $100,000,000.

Well, the doctor is bored, or the patient feels that he is. Four or five other doctors give him half-hearted prescriptions but no relief. What is the poor fellow to do? He usually begins dosing himself, with the help of the modern witchdoctors, the patent medicine industry. Father John's remedy, Lydia Pinkham's pills, Fletcher's castoria for which the children of misguided parents still seem to cry, none of these would be making fortunes for their stockholders except that millions of suffering mortals have failed to get relief from doctors and have lost confidence in them. The doctors' defense is that the patients would not follow their régimes of diet, rest and exercise. But is it quite consistent to assure a patient that there is nothing wrong with him, but that he can not live like normal people, eat their meals, keep their hours, enjoy their amusements? Even this he might accept if it fitted his case exactly, but he feels that the doctor does not know him very well and is applying a rule of thumb, on the chance that anybody who stops smoking and gets ten hours' sleep a night will automatically feel better. The nostrums come in bottles; they are easier. The patient goes on eating what he likes, and takes a daily laxative.

They dose themselves, these victims of imagination or whatever it is, and make life miserable for all their associates, whom they may outlive. Nearly every family has one such suffering member, who parades her symptoms at funerals of the healthier relations for a generation and a half. The name professional invalid describes the occupations of most of them. Sometimes, however, the hypochondriac amounts to something. My friend of the expensive and futile diagnoses is a brilliant lawyer. Many a young novelist would sacrifice his health to be able to write like Marcel Proust, who suffered so from nerves and asthma that visitors could not bring a perfumed handkerchief into his presence. He died at fifty-one, disdaining doctors to the last, possibly because as a physician's son he knew too much about them.

So they do not all survive. Some turn to cults and die of neglected but genuine illness. It is all very well to sneer at faith-healing and such superstitions, but almost every superstition indicates the limitations of the science which should offer a firm substitute. Proved knowledge seeps fast in these days. Few people now believe in alchemy, or a flat earth, or spontaneous generation of snakes from horsehair; but many people cling to superstitious beliefs about the future, before and after death, about mind-reading and character-building, and about diseases and their treatment. Is it not fair to reason that these are subjects either impossible of

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exploration or insufficiently explored? And that the faith-cures and patent medicines will drop out when medical science provides relief for chronic invalids and hypochondriacs? In the meanwhile, the victim may get just as much value for his money whether he pays it to a famous specialist or contributes it to a mystical healer.

Suppose he is wise enough to consult a reputable psychiatrist instead of either. Here he runs into the opposite danger. I know of a young engineer, depressed and run down, who had six months' daily treatment by a fashionable analyst for various emotional difficulties and what was supposed to be a nervous cough, before a severe hemorrhage sent him to Saranac, barely in time. On the other hand, one of the staff of a medical school hospital told me of this case: a girl of sixteen, emaciated until she weighed only sixty-eight pounds, made the rounds of hospitals and sanitaria being treated for defective metabolism. At last my informant, himself a metabolist (if that is the official name for his specialty) decided to look for an emotional cause, and found it in an extreme repressed attachment by the patient for her brother. In two months after this discovery and corresponding treatment, she gained thirty pounds.

When cases as definite as these two elude the experts for so long, is it any wonder that causes are not readily found for the minor aches and pains of the rest of us, who happen to be sensitive and not too well adjusted to the circumstances in which, as the parsons say, Heaven has placed us?

A CURE for cancer will be a wonderful achievement, but an explicit knowledge of individual differences in physiology will be more wonderful. That is the hint contained in my friend's notebook about her husband's diet and health. It is also the logical conclusion of the advice of a very wise physician indeed, to cure the patient, not the disease; and the logical result of the brilliant beginnings in dietetics and physiological chemistry. Why should a fat patient respond to the same treatment as a thin one? He can not wear the same clothes. His inner parts may be just as individual as his figure. Even now science recognizes that different constitutions require differing fuel to keep their metabolism burning at the right heat, thus reëstablishing the proverb that one man's meat is another man's poison, which in the first flush of discovery of vitamines, roughage and such vital ingredients was temporarily lost sight of. Instead, however, of ruling out meats, sugar or acid for victims of this or that specific disease, which amounts to little more than repair work after the damage is done, it should be possible to establish the proper formula for each individual before he has time to do himself harm. It would be a small price to pay for good health and spirits. At least hypochondriacs would think so.

A bewildering mass of untouched material awaits the doctor, along with the psychologist and the teacher, who looks at a human being as a unique and uncharted whole. What can be determined about an individual by all methods now known to science is the merest beginning. About parts of him almost everything is known. Doctors can do wonders for an ailing kidney or a broken arm. They are like garage mechanics who can mend tires, valves or motors, but are hazy about their interconnections. And no wonder, for there is no factory where they can watch

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human beings in process of assembly, not even, to date, a place to watch them run. So it is tacitly assumed that they are all made on the same model, and any afflicted organ is treated to make it match its healthy counterpart on the imaginary model. One can conceive an individual whose every part was perfectly healthy, but ill-assorted as to shapes, sizes, rates of function. Such a body, faced with the hourly, almost momentary adjustments we must all make to light, temperature, food, activity, emotion, would be constantly out of order. How many doctors could discover why?

Here is Dmitri Karamazov, let us say, being examined in prison and described by a group of modern specialists. What will the chart record? The usual life insurance routine, beginning with his height—one of the few indices which do not vary much. His weight—but that can be only an approximate figure; weight should be expressed in a statistical curve over a period of years. His blood pressure, pulse, chemical and microscopic analyses of his vital juices—these too should be curves. How can the doctor tell whether prison life has lowered or raised his blood pressure, a figure which wavers for every one at a pleasant smell or a sudden noise? They strap him into a gas mask before breakfast and measure the carbon dioxide he exhales. Basal metabolism probably high, another comparative constant. Perhaps they diagnose him as an adrenal type, but this will be largely a guess. X-rays of his lungs, heart and stomach show little. He is young and reasonably healthy. His answers to queries about his past illnesses are practically unintelligible. Vision astigmatic, hearing normal, teeth and tonsils bad.

By the psychiatric department Dmitri will be interviewed, asked embarrassing questions which he will refuse to answer, and probably be labeled manic-depressive. By the Freudian wing of the same department, much attention will be paid to his hatred of his father, and to what will probably be classified as a hoarding complex.

Our chart of Dmitri Karamazov is finished. It gives, not precisely an outline of his character, but a few points around which an outline could be drawn, as the ancients drew around groups of stars the outlines of a swan or a lion or a queen sitting in a chair. We do not know half so much about Dmitri as Dostoievsky knew. But let us consider what might be known about him if present methods, and no others, had been applied systematically. Before even looking at Dmitri in person, the group of specialists would send for his records and study those. They would find his chemical and glandular idiosyncrasies in infancy; their development year by year, with occasional lapses in the record, and traces of dissipation as well as undernourishment; the physical and temperamental characteristics of his parents, with presumptive inheritance to be watched for. Now call him in and carry the curves a little farther; but already more is understood about him than could be synthesized from a whole battery of tests given him at one single stage.

Of course the object of all these records is not to explain pathological cases, whether in Russian novels or American institutions; not to cure them or even, desirable as it would be, to prevent them. The object is to plot the limits of variation in normal persons, the connections between various traits, and to find more and more delicate

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ways of adjusting delicate mechanisms.

Scientists have never shirked labor. They are much more likely to waste it. The point of departure once arrived at, lifetimes of effort will be lavished to chart the related characteristics of individuals. The research men had better stick to physiology for a time. When that is understood, psychology will follow easily, if not automatically. The point of departure in studying individual humans is to examine a great many of them and record and compare the results. In other words, the point of departure for this staggering job may very well be my friend's notebook. Measure and record, measure and record, until you have a thousand notebooks over a period of at least twenty years. Not daily records, of course, but monthly or quarterly, and from infancy. To get a thousand records it would be wise to start with ten thousand subjects, half of them scientists' children, for instance, whose parents can be counted on to coöperate, and the other half inmates of orphan asylums, who can not easily escape. Examining stations should be strategically placed to catch those who move their residence. Under these conditions, at least a tenth of the subjects should last out the whole course of readings. A few hundred older children and adults might be included for comparison, until the records extend over all ages.

On the prescribed day every subject will present himself at the clinic. He will be given a routine examination, but the officiating doctors will soon learn which points to watch for in each subject. The garage mechanic who looks after our car knows by experience that the carburetor and the windshield wiper must be checked. My family doctor has similar favorite spots to observe when I make my occasional call, but he can not measure most of them, and our joint decision whether or not his medicine has helped me is made on the vaguest grounds. The quarterly examinations in our proposed clinic will take note of all the above data as for Dmitri, plus motor patterns, galvanic index and a variety of other learned observations of which we laymen have never even heard—forming a series of graphs something like those which are made in such profusion for every soulless corporation. Theoretically the subject will be perfectly well when he calls, so his data will be more soundly comparable than the data my doctor gets of one indisposition after another mild upset. Also, to make a curve, as any underdraftsman knows, you have to take your readings at regular intervals. Where possible, the subject's close relatives will also be studied, for their bearing on his case, and as material for research in the dark regions of human heredity. Eugenics enthusiasts will find this whole programme lacking in drama. Is it not, however, a necessary preliminary to their plans, since in order to steer inheritance with anything like accuracy one should first find out concretely how it works?

Record everything that can be measured about these human guinea pigs, whether its use is at first apparent or not. These records will consume many tons of paper. Other tons will be saved (with the corresponding labor) in the repetition of pages of "histories," those inaccurate, subjective reports which now give physicians all the information they can get about any conditions prior to the moment of consultation. I suppose my lawyer friend dictated his history to fifty doctors, all of whom patiently wrote it down. In less space, they could

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have had accurate notations, in figures, of his actual processes, year by year for his whole life.

A dossier like this, growing with regular supplements, as good dentists now indicate new fillings on their plan of a patient's teeth, would give the examiners of Dmitri Karamazov at least an outline of his peculiarities, instead of the constellation of isolated points provided by one inspection. It would add at least another dimension to expert knowledge of human physiology. Dmitri's chemistry, understood and corrected, might have saved him from his fate—a poor contribution to literature, but of no little value in life. The chemistry of my lawyer friend, recorded and treated, might or might not have made him a better lawyer, but it would have spared him and his wife physical and mental suffering to an incalculable degree.

After a long period of routine measuring, our clinic may turn its attention to formulas for diet and treatment. The objection at once arises that subjects can not be made to stick to their formulas. The unfortunate first thousand of course will be forced to (allowing for the nine thousand who manage to escape). If the system were extended and every one charted, I think most people would follow the formulas, first because it would be made easy for them, and second because no one would be a marked man, an invalid. One would be simply an individual who like every one else has his own régime to follow as a matter of course. He would go regularly to the clinic or the doctor to keep him healthy, just as he now goes to the barber to keep him tidy. He would have his own food quite as casually as he now has his own clothes, and it would fit at least as well. But how about the human urge to get drunk and enjoy yourself by spending your reserves faster than the law allows? I doubt if there is much to be done about that. It may vitiate part of the records for many subjects in the adolescent stage. Unless people have a motive for discipline, they do not sacrifice their pleasure. For most adults, assured health would be motive enough. For the children there may by that time be some great national adventure like the Russian Five Year Plan, to give point to personal fitness. And for every one, the rapid check on results of any dissipation, and the pressure of public opinion, may keep orgies within reason.

Our enterprise will have to be well organized for the protection of the cooking profession, if for nothing else. Food, for instance, can be reasonably standardized, or rather classified into a dozen or twenty different kinds from which the diner may fill his own prescription. The more personal elements in it might be combined in a sort of supplementary cake or biscuit, prepared to recipe by a public chemist. A dinner menu will not have to provide all the dismal specialties of a hospital kitchen, but why should it not be more sensible than at present, with food considered as fuel, rather than as a medium for rare æsthetic sensations? We have got over appreciating beautiful gilt chairs of precarious stability and back-breaking shape. Presently we shall get over appreciating delicious French sauces and titillating cocktails which damage our insides.

The company dinners of the future will serve a wide variety of simple food, admirably cooked, and perhaps a few sound wines. By selecting the dishes and drinks which fit his programme, and taking one of his own prescribed bis-

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cuits, a guest will be able to enjoy himself, as the anti-caffeine advertisements now promise, without a sleepless night or a hangover. This would be a boon to touring lecturers and other entertained individuals. Even the privately formulated biscuit, which I admit sounds stuffy, may be omitted, and the citizen's necessary chemicals administered in private once a day. It would be worth it to be spared the ritual of pills, tonics, laxatives, injections, which so large a fraction of the adult population now needs to keep it in something which approximates working order.

WHAT is all this scheme but a form of the much-argued preventive medicine? Nothing else; but it begins the work of prevention earlier than most plans proposed by my elders and betters, and applies it, once organized, to the whole population. It recognizes definite differences between normal individuals, differences which have never been properly studied. Or hardly ever. There is a factory in Milwaukee that keeps minute health records of a group of employes and their families, well and sick. But of course most of them are taken on after they have reached a comparatively advanced and uninteresting age. If a factory can do a job like this, why can not a foundation do a more thorough job along the same lines? They have only to begin, with the knowledge now available. Once records are systematically kept, new knowledge will come pouring in, refining at every step the methods of treatment of disease, threatened disease, minor maladjustments of every kind.

Chronic ailments, alas for Lydia Pinkham, would have a hard time getting started in the face of these constant readjustments of régime; organic troubles an even harder. Hypochondriacs would feel the kind of personal attention and protection which used to be so important a function of the Almighty. It is comforting to feel that, if not the hair's of one's head, at least the units of one's hæmoglobin are numbered. Self-pity as a debilitating force would be consequently reduced. If the hypochondriacs follow their formulæ, as they at least can be counted on to do, their physical symptoms will also decrease. Pseudo-mystic cults will practically disappear. Hospitals may be busier than ever, as headquarters for the clinical observations, and in treating various perfectly real ailments which today go undiagnosed. Emotional difficulties will still have physical parallels, and psychiatrists will still be busy. Armed with the charts, however, they will have an easier task. The charts of these individuals will be watched with special care, since one neurotic patient in a hundred or so may really turn out to have the mysterious disease he dreads. But I do not think that many of them will survive the system. I think a hypochondriac is simply a person of sensitive nerves and physiological idiosyncrasies, who can not be prescribed for by mass production. Once his special processes are specially observed and treated (sympathetically) he will become virtually obsolete.

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Conference vs. Lobby

By P. W. Wilson

In the last fifteen years sixty international conferences have come to more or less ignominious conclusions, all for the same essential reason

In the solar system, astronomers have noted at times certain vagaries of movement among the planets for which there was no obvious explanation. It was assumed that there must be some unknown celestial body, exerting an influence, which retards, accelerates and deflects the stars in their courses. In order to discern and to define this influence the mathematician has had to argue from the known to the unknown, and it has been a task of no little complexity. It required years of calculation in several observatories to deduce the presence of the planet Neptune from the irregularities of the planet Uranus.

The reader of newspapers can not be wholly unconscious of a somewhat similar influence on public affairs. There are phenomena, reported from day to day, for which he can give no reason based on facts within his knowledge. Things do not happen as it was anticipated. Yet we are not able to say why they fail to happen. In the atmosphere itself, invisible to the eye and eluding other perceptions, there seems to be a kind of impalpable frustration. Statesmen announce objectives. Peoples applaud. But the objectives are not attained. It is as if an airman were flying full speed, as he supposes, through clouds which, however, drift aside every hour or two, revealing the curious fact that the plane is precisely where it was before. Some unsuspected current in the atmosphere has counteracted the onward progress of the machine and, despite consumption of gasoline, brought it to a standstill.

A war was fought to end war. In the hour of victory, President Wilson proceeded to Europe in order to lead the negotiation of a permanent peace. The peoples of a stricken world appeared to be unanimous in their enthusiastic support of this policy. The progress of President Wilson through London, Paris and Rome was—as it seemed—a triumphant endorsement of conquering idealism. Beyond all skepticism of the pessimists, he had public opinion at his back.

Behind the scenes something then happened. There were delays and friction. Hidden forces were brought into play below the surface of which the applauding populace were not allowed to know the significance. They were forces so subtle, so persistent and so powerful that, week by week and month

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by month, they defeated the declared hopes and wishes of mankind. President Wilson, hailed as a prophet of the dawn, was sent empty away.

At Genoa there was, once more, an international conference. Its aim was an appeasement of troubled Europe, and it was assumed that public opinion was prepared to go to great lengths in that direction. The conference met, and for weeks the wires were blocked by speculations, platitudinous eloquence, generalities and resolutions which were intended to convey the absolute minimum of meaning. The conference failed, and hopes, confidently renewed, were again dashed to the ground.

More lately, in language of the utmost gravity, statesmen of the highest eminence warned the world that the nations are facing a crisis of momentous importance to civilization. The supreme issues of peace and war were said to be at stake. Owing to the depression, dozens of millions of breadwinners were out of work, and everywhere revolution was smoldering. Under these circumstances of desperate urgency, as they were announced to be, two conferences, representative of the whole of a suffering mankind, assembled. The cost of these conferences to the taxpayer was not small and the ceremonial amid which they opened their proceedings was Olympian in its solemnity. If simple, the aims were far-reaching. At Geneva, there was to be obtained a substantial relief from the dangerous menace of armaments in Europe. The conference in London was to adopt measures to facilitate the immediate resumption of trade. Yet both conferences, thus called under what was stated to be an imperative necessity, collapsed in abject anticlimax, nor was there any reason to be discovered, especially in respect of armaments, that was commensurate with the calamity.

At Stresa and elsewhere the Danubian countries as a group have conferred similarly, and not before it was time. Their insolvencies were epidemic. Yet economic federation in eastern Europe, though in the obvious interest of all concerned, has been defeated. Even at Ottawa the British Empire, discussing its commercial destinies with Elgarian pomp and circumstance, could achieve nothing substantial, save bad temper, and of this there was a plethora.

SINCE the Armistice fifteen years have elapsed. More than sixty international conferences have been held, and the League of Nations has added its own numerous meetings. Yet there are delays, prevarications, avoidance of issues and a strange refusal to arrive at obvious decisions, nor need we be surprised if people suggest that, as a diplomatic method, conferences are futile. They are the wheel on which, one by one in turn, every statesman of international vision has been broken. Lloyd George, turning internationalist, was crushed. Briand and Herriot, when internationalist, were no more fortunate. Cecil, Henderson and MacDonald have been sidetracked. Beaverbrook, as an imperialist, shared the same fate. Roosevelt and Cordell Hull have appealed for what seemed to be reason, military and economic, and appealed in vain. The world was politely appreciative. But nothing was allowed to result.

It is inevitable that people should lose faith in conferences as a diplomatic method. But does this diagnosis probe to the root of the matter? Have they the whole truth within them who, like Winston Churchill, would abandon Parliaments of Man and Federations of

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the World, and hand back diplomacy to foreign offices, embassies and legations of the old style? Is it the time to disintegrate the League of Nations itself, and forget that, on the pages of history, so foolish an attempt to create a holy alliance of all the incompatibilities was ever recorded as a satire of altruism? Or is such talk tantamount to begging the question?

We have to ask ourselves why so many of these conferences have had to be held. For the fun of it? Hardly. If conferences have seemed to be advisable, it is because there are problems which ambassadors are not able to solve by simpler negotiation. They are problems which, by their very nature, can only be discussed—so it is argued—at a round table. It may not be, therefore, the conference as a method that is wrong. If there were a will to succeed, whatever the method, would not a way be found?

A favorite theory is that a kind of original sin called nationalism has brought civilization to a standstill. As a shocking example, people point to Germany and the Nazis.

The theory is plausible. But is it adequate to the facts? Long before the Nazis in Germany began to burn the works of Helen Keller and to hound Einstein out of the country, conferences were separating without achieving full results, and the Germans argue that Nazis are only returning to militarism because their neighbors—sitting at conferences—refused to abandon it. Nor are the Nazis the only people in the world. Women by the million have met, talked and signed monster petitions in favor of disarmament. A wave of pacifist sentiment has swept universities, so conservative as Oxford, where resolutions declining to fight have been carried by the youth that, in the event of war, would be called upon to bear arms. With the Kellogg Pact on record—and even if there had been no Kellogg Pact—no statesman in a responsible position would dare, pointblank, to combat the demand for a reduction in armaments; and on the economic side, expert opinion, in universities, banks and elsewhere, seems to be, in effect, no less unanimous. Reports and resolutions of every kind have been promulgated for years, demanding the right to trade.

In the diplomatic field an intensified patriotism has certainly developed. It has been worked up by those who perhaps have their own reasons for working it up. But as Edith Cavell once remarked in another connection, "patriotism is not enough." In his dictionary Dr. Johnson, who was as good a Tory as ever breathed out prejudices but also an honest man, defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." So with a good deal of what is called nationalism. When drawing the teeth of their victims in public, quack dentists, in the days of yore, sometimes had a brass band playing big music as a precaution against the cries of the patient. Is it possible that the flag may also serve as a convenient camouflage for "loyalties," as Galsworthy used to put it, of a somewhat more intimate significance?

IN ELECTED legislatures there is a chamber for debate, surrounded by a gallery for the admiring public. But in order to reach the floor of "the house," the statesman must pass through the portals of what, mysteriously, is called "the lobby." It is not so conspicuous in its architectural design as the chamber but, none the less, it is a recognized part of the ground plan.

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The lobby has its uses and, some cynics have suggested, its abuses also. It is the arena where "the boys," as they are amicably described by the experts, play politics as a game. It is not a game that every politician plays. There are countless men in public life—all honor to them—who show by their example that honesty is the best politics. But the game can not be ignored.

In some quiet corner of the lobby, symbolic coins are tossed into the expectant air. If it be heads, the politician wins. If it be only tails, the public loses. You can not understand the making of contemporary history in all its ramifications unless you know who owns the coin.

In diplomacy it is the custom to be polite. From the Kingdom of Ruritania there arrives an envoy plenipotentiary, accredited to a conference. He is greeted with profound respect. No one would dream of questioning his motives. His only desire is to render disinterested service to his country and to mankind. But does not His Excellency pass to his desk, with its blotter and its inkwell, through a lobby? How else can he enter the conference hall? And in the international lobby are there no quiet corners where coins are tossed into the air?

If his Ruritanian Excellency says anything from the rostrum, which does sometimes happen, it is broadcast over land and sea, as an official pronouncement. There are headlines—"Ruritania Calls a Halt" or "Ruritania Demands a Fair Deal"—nor is anybody so rude as to hint that, in all probability, not one Ruritanian in a hundred has the least idea what the envoy plenipotentiary, speaking ostensibly for his nation, is driving at—still less that his countrymen, if they did know his real meaning, would be such fools as to approve of it. The Ruritanian Excellency is accepted, not as a penny-in-the-slot machine repeating by rote, but at face value. No mental reservations over his credentials are permitted. They would be contrary to diplomatic etiquette. Nor is it any one's concern that, during his mission, Ruritania itself may have risen in revolt against his party and replaced the Government by an opposition which had been compelled to live in prison or in exile.

Would not some mysteries be elucidated if it were realized that delegates to conferences are no different in mentality and environment from statesmen elected to legislatures nearer home? Where can we find a distinction of principle between the game of politics played in an international and that same game played in a national lobby? It is the same game. It is played for similar stakes. It is played according to identical rules. It is not the game of France versus Germany or Bulgaria versus Yugoslavia. France and Germany and Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are merely the flags on the grandstand. The game itself is the private versus the public interest, and it may be the business of a diplomat to see to it that the public interest does not get the upper hand.

Even on a well-lighted stage things may be more than they seem to be. Gandhi's *ashram* has been a place of sincere and reverent prayer. But is prayer inconsistent with politics? Not entirely. The Brahmans of Bombay, as they conduct their cotton mills, do not object at all to financing a *Satyagraha* that happens to include a boycott of competing cotton cloth woven in Lancashire. What does worry them is the Mahatma's insistence that "untouchables" are citizens. They employ the "untouchables" who, belonging to the

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"depressed classes," can be had the cheaper, and, in seeking to liberate these wage slaves, there are hints that Gandhi has lost influence in the Nationalist movement.

It is obviously to the interest of the United States that her attitude towards the Philippines and Cuba should be above the least suspicion of sordid intention. The relations between this country and Latin America depend entirely on that confidence being unshaken. Every legislator knows it. Every newspaper is aware of it. But is there no lobby to be considered? Do we not hear casual talk about Cuban sugar? Are there not hints of imported Philippine hemp and peanuts? It requires courage in a politician to determine destinies that affect the peace of Asia and the unity of the American hemisphere solely on their merits. Policy is like one of those boats on the medieval Rhine which had to run the gauntlet of the castles where barons did not argue but exacted toll.

The passage of a tariff through Congress is a deliberately adjusted process. Persons of poetic insight refer to the lobby during these susceptible periods as a kind of exchange of ideas—a word-game in which copper comes to terms with wool and agricultural machinery sympathizes with the industrial infancy of protected textiles. In the zest of the tit-for-tat a tariff may be entirely transformed. The legislature that set out to reduce the burden, may end by piling an added burden on the back of all concerned.

What is the difference between discussing tariffs nationally in Washington or Paris and discussing them internationally at Stresa, Ottawa or in London? On every side these conferences were beleaguered by the usual lobbies. Every industry, urban and rural, that considered itself to be affected by proposed changes in rates of duties or quotas, mobilized and financed its forces. Currencies themselves were commandeered. They had been media of exchange. They were regarded as a combined tariff on imports and subsidy on exports. To all other kinds of war there was added a free-for-all between dollars, pounds and francs.

In the lobby diplomats, like politicians, play partners. At some point of detail, an English expert and an Italian expert may seem to be opposed. Yet each of them, by wrangling with the other, is serving a common end. He is prolonging the filibuster and holding up the progress of business. By insisting on a quota in Czechoslovakia the diplomat helps, let us say, a Rumanian who also wishes, on his side, to insist on a quota. The two quotas seem to be contrary. In reality, they are a kind of electric positive and negative that stimulate each other.

We are told that millions of men are conscripts under arms and that billions of dollars are spent on munitions. Why not liberate the conscripts? Why not save the money? On the floor of a conference everybody agrees that it should be done. But how about the lobby?

An order to build a battleship is canceled by agreement. It is a victory for common sense and international good will. But somebody loses the spending of $50,000,000 and it hurts somebody "like hell." For a great and gallant service promotion of officers is arrested, and that also hurts. So with a reduction of armies, a scrapping of big guns and tanks, the abolition of chemical warfare. There are employment and profit in these activities. Tens of thousands of

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brave and honorable men, and some men who are so human as to be mercenary, have consecrated their lives and invested the comfort of their families within these condemned occupations. In the lobby entrenched militarism stands at bay. It is fighting for its existence.

The playing partners thus continues. On the floor the French are naturally shocked by Germany's demand for equality in armaments. But in the lobby that is a familiar calling of trumps. Nothing is so serviceable to the armaments industry in France as talk about the rearmament of Germany. So in Japan. There is no real objection to photographs of the Red Army mobilized for review on the square of the Kremlin at Moscow. Higher appropriations for preparedness can be demanded in Tokyo. On every committee that discusses a reduction of armaments and every sub-committee the experts on all sides play into one another's hands, magnifying differences of detail, inventing demurrers, chopping logic, complicating formulas and employing every artifice to keep the system of war in being. That nations are nervous is also true. People are apt to be nervous when an organization within the commonwealth fills the cellars of the citizens with dynamite.

This comedy has now gone on for sixty years. It is no different from what it always has been. In 1870 Queen Victoria, at the instance of Gladstone, appealed to the King of Prussia to come to terms with France over armaments. Bismarck's answer was that the King of Prussia was too proud of his army to allow it to be discussed. Doubtless he was proud of Moltke's marvelous creation. But it was the lobby that used a King's pride as *non possumus*.

The Czar Nicholas and Tolstoy differed over many matters. Like Litvinoff and Mussolini, who also differ, they united in the demand for the only basis of peace, namely, a reduction of armaments. At the Hague conferences were held, and Andrew Carnegie built a palace for the purpose. Even in palaces there are lobbies, and the veto of the lobbies was absolute. Nothing was done.

Before the War, I was among the writers who exposed the armaments lobby. I write nothing now that was not written then. Essentially, Europe faces the same situation.

Take a great firm like Krupps. It was supposed to be a German firm. In reality it was an international organization of armament interests that spread in a network over England, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. To this international industry it made no difference how guns were to be fired. The profit was in the guns, and artillery was manufactured, therefore, which could be used on both sides of the trenches. The directors of the apparently opposed firms would be found belonging to the same interlocking finance. It was the lobby of this huge enterprise, subsidizing newspapers and influencing governments, that created the conditions which made inevitable the World War.

The lobby represents no more than a minority. But old "Joe" Chamberlain, who had a grim way of putting things and knew politics, was under no illusions as to its authority. "When it comes to votes," he would say, "one man with an interest is worth ten men with a principle." The lobby focuses the challenge of the minority against majority rule. It is powerful not because it is multitudinous, but because it holds the strategic

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position, and, shielded by secrecy, can afford to be unscrupulous.

The international organization of mankind is not a small undertaking. It is sure to be a slow process. On the other hand, the arrest of the stream of progress by a dam across the gorge is a grave matter. The waters accumulate behind the dam and the dam bursts. It happened in August, 1914. It may happen again. If it be a choice between civilization and the lobby, is it civilization that ought to be sacrificed?

Thieves

By Hubert Creekmore

Often have I wished to chain the dawn
below horizon's rim, attenuate
the tranquil moments of its blushing stain
upon the gray, and keep the day at naught.
Too little peace spins in the sun of noon.
The farthest deaths and massacres are mine
to bear before the bodies yet are cool.
The tight-knit world must flinch in every mile
concertedly aghast at each diverse
atrocity. I have my own deep source
of sorrow and would tend its jealous hurt
without encroaching pleas to pay my court
to others' ills. The wind and sun must merge
as solitary mine before they purge.

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Rejuvenating Old Man River

By Wayne Gard

While the railroads still cry poverty, American rivers bear more traffic today than they did before the Civil War

Old man river is humming again. In the last few years he has been carrying more of the nation's commerce than ever before—more than in the palmy days of Mark Twain's piloting before the Civil War, more than in the revival of river traffic with the "floating palaces" of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties. Steamboat whistles are now heard daily on rivers that were almost silent from 1912 to 1920.

True, the old romance of the rivers has not come back. Though several antiquated showboats are still doing business, the new river vessels—many of them with steel hulls and Diesel engines—are without the sentimental appeal of the ornamented side-wheelers that flourished half a century ago, bringing Jenny Lind, political spellbinders, and glamorous gamblers to the river towns. Few of the new boats carry passengers, nor do they engage in races comparable to that thrilling event of 1870 in which the *Robert E. Lee* steamed from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes, defeating the famous *Natchez*.

In the days of hoop skirts, the cry of "Steamboat a-comin'!" awakened the sleepy river towns to feverish activity. Scarcely any one was too busy to go down to the wharf and watch the packet come in, its twin funnels belching black smoke and its crew making ready for the exchange of passengers and cargo. Every boy hoped some day to run off and work on a steamboat that would carry him to the magic cities of St. Louis, New Orleans and Cincinnati.

The new river vessels, as a rule, are much faster than the old flatboats, built to float "on a heavy dew"; and they move enormously larger loads. One barge has carried on a single passage 8,000 bales of cotton, or 150 freight-car loads. On the Ohio and the lower Mississippi, it is common to see a towboat pushing six to a dozen barges, each laden with a thousand tons of coal. An unusually large boat recently pushed from Pittsburgh to New Orleans thirty-two barges containing a total of 600,000 bushels of coal. The trip was made in less than sixteen days, and the freight bill was $18,000, or one-tenth of the cost of shipping this coal by rail at $100 per car. This saving was exceptional; but, in general, the use of the rivers saves from ten to twenty-five per cent of the all-rail rates.

In 1929, the rivers of the United States carried 135,000,000 tons of

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freight, as compared with 93,000,000 tons in 1924. The business depression did not reduce this traffic as drastically as it did that of the railroads. In 1930, steel mills in the Pittsburgh district shipped more than a million tons by river, increasing their water shipments over those of 1929 despite a drop in output.

The rivers, of course, have been highways for travel and transport since prehistoric days. Indian canoeists used them, and the first European explorers and missionaries in the new world followed the water routes. Benjamin Franklin promoted inland navigation; George Washington was president of a canal corporation; and, a century later, Theodore Roosevelt declared that "There is an intimate relation between our streams and the development of all the other great permanent sources of wealth."

Great Lake sailboats and steamers and Ohio rafts and side-wheelers carried most of the pioneers who cleared and settled the wilderness of the Mississippi valley; and in the South, river boats moved much of the cotton to market over a long period. But finally the quicker transportation by rail put the old steamers out of business, except on the Lakes. During the first quarter of this century, the rivers were almost idle. Many of the river towns became known as dead towns, as far as business was concerned, and the river trade was lamented as gone forever.

THE rebirth of river transportation had its origin in 1918, the final year of the World War. William G. McAdoo, then director general of the American railroads, had appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of reviving river traffic to relieve the railroads, which at that time were heavily overburdened. The committee, in its report, advised the establishment of barge lines on the lower Mississippi and on several of the rivers of Alabama.

Armed with this recommendation, certain Mid-Western and Southern business men called upon Mr. McAdoo in May, 1918, and urged him to establish a barge line with Federal capital. This was done within the next two months; and by September the line was in operation, with a few barges and towboats belonging to the United States engineers. The Government intended this venture to last only for the duration of the War, which—it happened—ended two months later; but the river cities were anxious to have the service continued as an experiment to determine the practicability of river transportation, and their wishes prevailed.

The experiment was a costly one at first. The Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service, operating under the War Department and badly tied with red tape, lost nearly a million dollars a year from 1920 to 1924, inclusive. But in the latter year, the plan of organization was changed. The Inland Waterways Corporation was formed along the lines of a private business corporation, but with the Federal Government owning the entire capital. It was not long after this that, under the efficient management of Major General Thomas Q. Ashburn, the deficits were changed to profits. The corporation has now earned profits of more than a million dollars. It has been the intention of the Government all along, of course, to turn the corporation over to private hands as soon as it has fulfilled its experimental purpose. General Ashburn recently predicted that this change is near at hand.

For 1932, the operations of the In-

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land Waterways Corporation showed a profit of $771,073 for the Lower Mississippi section alone. This amount was earned in spite of the business depression and the rise of new competition from private barge lines. In addition to this profit, the corporation had a reserve of $5,000,000 deposited in part with the Federal Treasury and in part with commercial banks.

Railway men frequently have pointed out that this corporation has certain "hidden costs" which the public pays. It is exempted from certain taxes, it spends nothing for maintenance of the waterways, and it pays no interest on its capital. On the other hand, General Ashburn holds that these "hidden costs" amount to only 1.23 mills per ton mile and that their being entered upon the corporation's books would not erase all of the recent profits. As for taxes, the corporation owns little assessable property except in Birmingham, where it does pay taxes. The taxes on its other property, at the rate paid by other barge lines, would be trifling. The corporation's connection with the Government, in fact, has been a disadvantage in that it was unable to wipe out its early deficits by receivership proceedings as a purely private organization might have done. It has suffered also from being forced by political pressure to operate on the upper Mississippi before channel improvements had progressed far enough to allow loading the barges to a profitable depth.

Moreover, this and the other barge lines have been handicapped by discriminatory rate-cutting by the railroads. Thus the rail freight rate on sugar from New Orleans to Chicago, a distance of 900 miles, was lowered to twenty-eight cents per hundredweight while the rate from New Orleans to Kansas City, 866 miles, remained at sixty-five cents. The difference is explained by the fact that the railways had effective water competition to Chicago but not to Kansas City—until the summer of 1933. Many similar discriminations could be cited. If this slashing of rail rates crippled the barge lines, there would be no moaning among railroad executives. Shippers benefit by the lower rates, where and when they exist, but they will have no assurance of the continuance of the reductions until the barge lines are operating upon a more permanent basis.

THE stimulation of river transportation has been effected not only by the example of the Inland Waterways Corporation and by the fact that railway freight rates are much higher now than when the old steamers flourished but also by channel and terminal improvements which the Government has made. This federal interest in interior waterways is not new. A century ago Uncle Sam assumed responsibility for the rivers when Cornelius Vanderbilt, counseled by Daniel Webster, successfully attacked the private waterways syndicate formed by Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston Stevens.

During the last four years, however, the Government has spent twice as much upon river developments as in any earlier period of the same length. On the lower Mississippi and the Ohio, a nine-foot channel is now open all the way from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, and this channel is lighted for night piloting. Smaller channels extend up to Minneapolis, Chicago and Kansas City; and the Minneapolis channel is now being deepened to nine feet as a part of the public works programme of the Roosevelt Administration. Albany has

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been made an ocean port with a twenty-seven-foot channel. Additional improvements are being made in the Warrior and other rivers, and considerable progress has been made on the protected inner channel along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The major phase of this improvement programme opened with the signing of the Rivers and Harbors Act by President Hoover in July, 1930. This act directly authorized expenditures totaling nearly $144,000,000 and approved additional projects estimated to cost about twice this amount. These projects include the canalizing of the Great Lakes system as well as river improvements.

The business depression has interfered with the prompt carrying out of some of the provisions of this bill. While the promoters of the approved developments have argued for promptness not only to facilitate river transportation but also to increase employment, Congress refused to grant the large appropriations asked for. In September, 1932, however, the War Department allotted $26,000,000 for rivers and harbors projects in a programme to aid employment, and in July, 1933, important waterways projects to cost approximately $90,000,000 were included in the new public works scheme.

Opposition to the programme of river development has come mainly from the railroad operators, who fear the rivalry of water transportation and who object to the Government's aid to the river carriers. The river men reply that the Government is now subsidizing air lines and oceanic shipping with fat mail contracts that sometimes pay more than a dollar a letter and that the Government has pampered the railways from their origin to the present day.

They point out that, beginning in the middle of the last century, the Government has given the railroads enormous grants of land. According to the computation of Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War, these grants have totaled 155,504,000 acres—an area larger than that of the Atlantic seaboard States from Maine to North Carolina, inclusive. It has given them many kinds of financial assistance and even now is lending them enormous sums which few people expect to see repaid. It granted them numerous benefits in the Transportation Act of 1920, including a heavily watered valuation. In many early cases, the Government even lent engineers and troops actually to construct the railroads—soldiers who were paid not by the railroads but by the taxpayers. In view of these circumstances, river men hold that the railway operators are scarcely the ones to talk about keeping the Government out of the transportation business.

Some of the Western railroad executives, however, are sympathetic with river developments. They recall the advice of that veteran railroad builder, the late James J. Hill, who in 1907 warned the railroad world against regarding inland waterways as rivals. "You can not find a man eminent in railroading in this country," he declared, "who is not also an ardent advocate of waterway improvement. The future of the waterway is assured, not so much as a competitor but as a helper of the railroads."

The river enthusiasts contend that the revival of waterway transportation is likely to aid the railroads instead of harming them. Just as the railroads, in their early days, extended their lines into the Western wilderness and became the forerunners of agricultural and in-

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dustrial development, so the water carriers will stimulate new business in the regions they serve. They will make possible the development of new industries in the inland cities—industries which would not be profitable except for the lower transportation rates offered by the waterways. And as these new industries are stimulated, the railways will share in the profit. Additional industries mean bigger payrolls, more buying power and consequently more railroad tonnage.

WATERWAYS offer by far the cheapest means of transportation, and it is difficult to minimize or to offset such a basic economic fact. When wheat sold for two dollars a bushel, the freight rate seemed unimportant. But when the price fell to forty cents, farmers naturally became more interested in waterways developments which promised a saving of five to ten cents a bushel, which means an addition of this amount to the price the farmer receives.

As Herbert Hoover pointed out when he was still Secretary of Commerce, "If we have backloading, one thousand bushels of wheat can be transported one thousand miles on the Great Lakes or on the sea for $20 or $30. It can be done on a modern equipped Mississippi barge for $60 or $70, and it costs by rail from $150 to $200. These statements are not based upon hypothetical calculations but on actual going freight rates. The indirect benefits of the cheaper water transportation to the farmer are of wider importance than the savings on individual shipments indicate."

The American farmer, though he has been receiving much less for his wheat, must pay from six to twelve cents a bushel more in freight charges than before the World War. This high charge puts him at a serious disadvantage to foreign competitors. Whereas it costs 11.9 cents to transport a bushel of wheat from South Dakota to Liverpool, it costs only 7.23 cents for the much longer distance from the Argentine. The completion of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi waterways promises to erase this disadvantage for most American wheat growers.

Inland manufacturers hope to benefit from the waterways almost as much as the farmers. For instance, farm implements are manufactured at Moline, Illinois, and some of these are shipped to the Pacific coast. The all-rail rate is $1.86 per hundredweight. The rail-ocean rate by way of Baltimore is $1.10. But now the implements can be shipped at the low rate of sixty-five cents by being sent down the Mississippi by barge and transferred to an ocean steamer at New Orleans.

The opening of both the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi outlets is being urged as a means to overcome the handicap which the interior of the country incurred from the cutting of the Panama Canal. This canal benefits the coastal regions on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, but its economies do not extend to the vast area lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Instead, the midland States are placed at a disadvantage because of the lower freight rates which the canal gives to areas with which they must compete. States on the Atlantic seaboard, for instance, are able to buy Washington and Oregon lumber, shipped by Panama, cheaper than they can buy it from the interior States which must ship by rail. The result of this lowering of water rates between the two coasts and of the raising of freight rates, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out, was "to

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shrink what would otherwise have been a normal growth of midwest industry and drive it closer to the seaboard."

Thus in the last twenty years the Mississippi valley States have lost seventeen seats in Congress. The St. Louis area within a radius of fifty miles has lost six per cent in population while the nation as a whole gained thirty-three per cent. A St. Louis chemical company transferred a large part of its operations to Massachusetts because Texas sulphur could be shipped to Massachusetts by water at less than half the rate to St. Louis by rail. A pharmacal company moved half its production from St. Louis to New Jersey to reduce its transportation costs to the West coast. A cartridge company at Alton, Illinois, built a branch factory in Connecticut because of lower shipping costs from the latter State to the Western and Southern States and to Central and South America. In Minnesota, non-agricultural industry has been cut in half it is claimed since the passage of the 1920 Transportation Act.

MID-WESTERNERS believe that inland water transportation will restore these industrial losses. The proposed Great Lakes–St. Lawrence seaway promises a greater saving than the river systems. Being deeper, it will allow large ocean steamers to call at Chicago and Duluth, thus obviating the need for trans-shipment; and it will require less expense for upkeep. But the larger river systems are believed to offer substantial savings too. It would be necessary to put a damper on the pork-barrel, log-rolling type of Congressman who would have Uncle Sam canalize every crayfish creek in his home district; but the major rivers of the nation are natural highways for commerce, and it is likely that they can be utilized to great advantage.

Already the Ohio–Mississippi route is being used for large shipments of coal, iron pipe and soap on the down trip, and vegetable oils, sugar and coffee on the return. The newer boats make the downstream trip in six days and the return in twelve to fourteen days. As a rule, their time schedules are about double those of freight trains.

At one time the Ohio and Mississippi fleets constituted, in number of vessels, America's largest merchant marine. Though it was not until 1817 that the first side-wheeler churned up the Mississippi, nearly two thousand river steamers were in operation in the middle of the last century. Now, with larger ships, the river tonnage is greater than in 1850, and waterway enthusiasts believe that the growth has scarcely begun. In 1930, the Department of Commerce reported that 200 common carriers, 98 contract carriers and 187 private carriers, with a total value of $150,000,000, were plying the inland waterways of the United States, and river men look forward to the doubling of these figures within a few years.

Old Man River has become more than an object of sentiment. Twenty-five years ago, the Mississippi was almost as placid as when De Soto viewed it in 1542, before Shakespeare was born, or when Joliet and Marquette paddled down it in 1673. But now modern vessels are chugging along with precious cargoes, and the river people believe that the whistles of the packets and towboats herald the opening of a new era in inland transportation.

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Foreign Missions

By John Cole McKim

A thirty-year plan which would end the whole problem

People in America who support the foreign missions of their sects usually give their money on the assumption, encouraged by denominational "literature," that the characteristics of their bodies, or of American Protestantism generally, are being reproduced in heathen lands. It is obvious that only by appealing to sectarian, cultural and sectional (separate Boards are maintained by Northern and Southern Methodists and Presbyterians) prejudices could there be so much duplication of missionary machinery.

I am far from wishing to see the achievement of this end. I would far rather see Japan revert to the conditions of fifty years ago than see it embrace the religion of Dayton, *et hoc genus omne*. But people who take money on the understanding that they are going to do a given thing should either do that thing or (like Mrs. Buck) resign their positions.

There are many things that go to prove that this point of view is held (though not always quite coherently) by the great body of contributors to American Protestant missions. Among them is the insistence, very noticeable during the last nine months, upon the importance of various tenets, on the part of officials not generally famous for their doctrinal regularity.

This sudden access of orthodoxy is synchronous with, and has greatly informed, their denunciations of a certain book (*Rethinking Missions, a Laymen's Inquiry After One Hundred Years*) which appeared nearly a year ago. The usual procedure with regard to unpleasant books is to condemn and ignore: but this work, it seems, must be continuously discredited because its authors promise to issue a number of supplementary volumes embodying their "Fact-finders' Reports." (These reports, as regards China, are now out. Those for Japan, where the situation is more scandalous, were promised for last March but are not yet—this is August—to hand.)

They were not hostile to the book when it first appeared, though its doctrinal looseness was its most obtrusive feature, much touted in press notices. What really excites the Mission Board officials is a series of suggestions which, if adopted, would deprive at least four-fifths of them of their *raison d'être*. It is high time that some of them were adopted. So far as doctrinal considerations are involved, it ought to be obvious that there is no obstacle to greatly reducing the number of these officials im-

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mediately. The sole difference which led to the severance of Northern and Southern Methodists and Presbyterians was that which concerned the question of slavery: never an issue in Japan and long a dead one here. Methodists unite, in that country, to form a single Japan Methodist Church. Similarly, Presbyterians and Reformed are merged in a single native denomination. The maintenance of six American Methodist Boards and at least four for the Presbyterian-Reformed group looks like what, in municipal politics, is unkindly described as graft. And, so far, we have looked only within particular ecclesiastical systems which have never been separated by doctrinal differences.

There is not now any reason why amalgamations should not go much further. With a few trifling concessions (which need be scarcely more than verbal) to fundamentalists, a merger, similar to that which already exists in the United Church of Canada, could be effected tomorrow if it could be done without greatly diminishing the number of administrative jobs—largely in the hands of "consecrated laymen." Even the idea of some sort of coöperation with openly non-Christian religions has met with a measure of approval. A manifesto appearing—*in Japan*—in January, 1933, bearing the names of Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Reformed, and Quaker missionaries, tells us that: "Christianity and the other religions are sufficiently in agreement in their fundamental doctrines about God and man."

This attitude, which is not widely advertised in American denominational "literature," is the result of various confluent causes. The older preachers, who came to Japan in the belief that all heathendom, doomed to hell in the next world, is plunged in moral darkness here, were either quickly disabused of these absurdities and, consequently, in some perplexity as to what their "message" really was: or they hardened themselves by striving to put an evil meaning upon all that they saw and heard. This, with the help of some hard lying, enabled them to retain the support of Protestants at home, who were then, for the most part, fundamentalists. "Buddhism teaches that woman has no soul" used to make a great hit with Ladies' Aids and similar gatherings. Buddhism, in Japan, draws no such distinction as between the sexes. "There shall be no distinction as regards male or female," writes the great bonze, Honen, about 1175 A.D.

With the turn of the century, slandering Japan became an unprofitable pastime. Even the truth, if unfavorable to Japan, might cause unpleasantness for those who uttered it abroad. Books and magazines in English could now be read by a few: speeches and interviews were sometimes cabled back and printed in the vernacular press. Rival missionaries began "telling on" each other in this connection. Authorities began to learn the gentle art of encouraging those missionaries and those branches of their work that spent the most money (with the least evangelistic success) in Japan and created the most desired impression abroad. They grasped the fact that missionaries from our great democratic Middle West were not averse to wearing decorations bestowed by a non-Christian monarchy. They were minor decorations but just as serviceable for impressing the home folk as would have been the highest honors in the gift of His Imperial Japanese Majesty. I never

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heard of a missionary being decorated for strictly evangelistic work. It is the founding of hospitals and schools (with military instruction as part of the curricula and religious instruction excluded) that is thus rewarded. The claim that the decoration of Dr. X or Rev. Y shows how the Government "welcomes our message" is, therefore, wholly misleading.

Missionaries might, if they liked, talk at home of their "successes," since the suggestion that Japan has embraced the religion, along with the armaments, of the West seems, for some localities, to be good propaganda. But this did not leave them quite carefree, for, obviously, once missionaries have succeeded, they are no longer necessary. It was necessary for them to walk, like Agag, delicately.

The fundamentalist mind, though not always averse to lying in a "good" cause, usually lacks the agility demanded by this new situation. So there was a change in the "missionary objective." No longer was the heathen to be given his choice between going to hell and spending eternity with revivalists. Rather, there was to be a sharing of experiences with those who followed the great religions of the East. "He that believeth not shall be damned" gave way to "Come and let us reason together." More recently, I heard of a Japanese who suggested that, since it was the Americans who both prized the slogan and had the money, they should support Buddhist and Shinto missionaries in America as well as Protestants in Japan. If only that suggestion could have been passed back to fundamentalists in America, in the days, say, of William Jennings Bryan! But, of course the obtuse fellow had failed to grasp one of the basic principles of modernism—that one must never take anything literally.

At home, some of the more advanced ministers were ceasing to rail at Darwin, Huxley and other such miscreants. With, as they thought, some encouragement from Wallace, borrowing timidly from the still suspected *Higher Critics*, and reading such books as *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, they were reaching out toward the idea that a reconciliation of science and religion could be effected by no one's meaning quite what he said. For some reason, yet to be explained (but cf. St. Luke's Gospel, xiv, 31, 32), they wanted the reconciliation a lot more than the scientists, many of whom were not even aware of the conflict.

Some of the newer missionaries had been drilled in this repertory. They were not held in check and constrained to be tactful, as their colleagues at home were, by the necessity of having to get their livings from fundamentalist flocks: and they had the discreet sympathy of those colleagues as well as that of some of the new officials in the Mission Boards.

These organizations, too, were changing their methods. The relatively simple task of raising funds to save the heathen from hell by teaching them the religion of our more backward districts had been performed, for the most part, by ministers. But inducing fundamentalists to part with cash to be used (without telling them of it) to help missionaries and natives "learn from each other," was a task too subtle for the elderly preachers *in situ*. This gave the consecrated layman his chance to cash in.

Now, he seems to be more the rule than the exception. Often, his salary as corresponding secretary, foreign secre-

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tary, executive secretary, or what not (frequent changes in nomenclature seem to be part of the technique) is higher than that of any of his missionaries. Ten thousand dollars might be regarded as a just average estimate when, in addition to salary, there are other perquisites, including frequent and pleasant traveling at home and abroad.

This sort of thing is sometimes defended by dwelling upon the consecrated layman's sacrifices in abandoning his chances of a business career for the "joy of service." Some unconsecrated laymen might be found willing to abandon their business careers for the joy of an assured ten thousand a year. But these people are more spiritual. That, probably, is why it never seems to occur to them that all priests and ministers left lay life, with its chances, and assumed not only the distinctions but also the obligations of their special calling. Yet very few of these command such magnificent solatia.

Such, then, was the situation at a little before the turn of the century. Here was a large vested interest, that of American Protestant missions, established with a definite end in view—that of saving the heathen from hell by getting them to embrace "Bible Christianity" and to win them from immorality by getting them to do whatever they did "in the name of the Lord." Many missionaries still clung to this objective but others had been disabused of it and, among newcomers, especially of the better educated Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Reformed missionaries ("Old Terwilliger" was only just beginning to intellectualize the Methodists), there was a marked latitudinarian tendency.

Still, it *was* a vested interest. The problem was how to keep it going while abandoning the "objective" for which it was established—for which people had given and were giving their money. It was a little complicated. Some large donors favored change. Others did not. Most of the money for running expenses, as distinguished from new buildings, etc., was raised not from large donors but from congregations, almost all fundamentalist but, in an increasingly large number of cases, discreetly served by ministers who no longer believed in Jonah and the stricter forms of monogamy.

Generally speaking, two lines of policy were followed. People were told that the message was to remain the same: but that there was to be some change of emphasis. Morals were to be stressed: in lands taught for ages the precepts of Confucius! This was rendered easier by the fact that fundamentalists were, by this time, howling for Prohibition and were glad to know that the same noise was to be dinned in benighted ears abroad.

The other idea was that of laying stress upon the *duty* of giving to missions without bothering about details and, in this, the invention of the duplicate envelope system was a great help. This was an envelope with two pockets, one for local purposes and the other either specifically for the support of missions or for the central denominational organization of which, in most bodies, missions were the main activity. In one such central body, salaries range up to $15,000 in addition to perquisites and, in some cases, to salaries received in other connections.

The proportion suggested for the duplex envelopes—often supplied by the Mission Board—was that the total

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offering should be tithed for outside purposes: but the Board's share might easily be more than a tenth because a nickel is usually the smallest coin given by adults and, thus, a large number of envelopes (fifty-two a year) contained a quarter in the black side and a nickel in the red. The Biblical "silver and gold" furnishing a handy slogan, fifty cents in the black often meant a dime in the red, and so on. A body with a million adult contributors might, thus, expect between two and three million dollars a year, for general purposes, in addition to special gifts and the proceeds of occasional drives for new enterprises. The expense of forwarding the money on the red side was borne locally: so that the Boards got all that was intended for them and the great expense, sometimes bemoaned by missionaries in the field, of getting the money abroad, was incurred at headquarters.

Many Protestants are now so well broken to the idea of giving to missions without taking too much interest in details that there are those who seem to regard the advent of missionary speakers as a sort of penalty inflicted upon those congregations which, by neglecting the red side of the envelope, have "failed to meet their quota."

The complaint, sometimes uttered by sincere missionaries, that all this is a policy of *après moi le déluge* is suppressed by "disciplinary" methods when possible. When the same cry is raised at home, it is argued that, in the near future (the time mentioned since 1905, when I first heard it, and recently, 1933, reiterated by a Board president, is "twenty-five to thirty years"), owing to the progress of the great work, the churches in Japan and China will be self-supporting. As the same lot, generally speaking, has been collecting the envelopes since 1905, and has now passed middle age, it will be *après moi* for most of them before the date now set for that happy consummation.

As for the great work's progress, a recent study of the 1932 figures, for Japan, of a leading denomination inclines me to the belief that from a fifth to a quarter of the *active* communicants are supported, directly or indirectly, from church funds. A considerable proportion of the others must consist of the grateful relatives and friends of the supported. The dismissal of a native worker or even the refusal of a scholarship in some mission school might easily mean the loss of half a dozen from the active list. There is also a large list of inactive communicants and of non-communicant followers, "carried until they have been transferred or (*are known to*) have died." All of these go to make up the total membership as reported in America.

Some of the more honest of the older missionaries, seeing that their work was going to be largely undermined by these new ways and that they would be put into the position either of having to disown their former teachings or, continuing in them, having to tolerate, in foreign colleagues, opinions and practices for which they would excommunicate native converts, resigned and went home. Most of them stayed either upon their own account or upon that of their wives. Life, for these women, had been far from unpleasant. Their houses, larger and better appointed than the usual Protestant manse in the Middle West, situated in well kept foreign concessions, were served by four or five servants apiece, all in a country where their husbands' salaries classed them

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among the very rich and enabled them to spread the impression that they were numbered among the great of their own land. (This, of course, relates to the turn of the century, when money was still very dear in Japan.) The idea of going back to doing their own housework, living at the mercy of church committees and under the scrutiny of the pious of their own sex, instead of being treated, during their furloughs, as those requiring special comforts after enduring a lustrum of martyrdom in a heathen land, naturally did not appeal to them.

Some of the men had made investments upon which they hoped to realize enough for an easy retirement in early old age. They could not expect to amass the wealth which had come to some of their colleagues in the Sandwich Islands because Japanese law forbade the outright ownership of land by American citizens. But within the foreign concessions, they might hold land upon perpetual lease. The rentals upon these, at first exorbitant and in excess of normal taxation, became, with the cheapening of money, very much less than would have been the taxes from which they were, by treaty, forever exempt. Some of these properties are now worth several hundred times what was originally paid for them. In addition to this, Americans may now own, superficially, residential property in most parts of the country. Ownership of superficies is practically absolute, once buildings have been erected. Villas at fashionable mountain and shore resorts are so owned by a number of missionaries and there has been, at times, a lively trade in such properties. As a consequence, some missionaries in later years found themselves possessed of modest fortunes of from fifty thousand to more than a hundred thousand dollars.

This sort of thing was not, in all cases, morally culpable. It was seldom so among men who went out in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties of the last century. All intelligent people knew that there must be some advance in the price of land: but no one dreamed that it would increase a hundredfold and more. A man can not be blamed if the prudent investment of his savings turns out to have been unexpectedly lucky. But among some of those who came later, after the rise in land was getting less rapid, there has been an expenditure of time and care describable as the running of a side business.

Some of the older men remained honestly. They disciplined their converts in the old ways and dissociated themselves (sometimes by open controversy) from their modernist colleagues. They could not all be sent home to "speak their piece" for, in the then fundamentalist state of the lay mind, this would have embarrassed the Mission Boards in their development of business methods. Fortunately, the revision of treaties which came into effect just before the end of the century, seemed to offer a way out. Americans were now permitted to reside in the interior. So to the interior the irreconcilables might go. They could be as cantankerous as they liked in Bakabakashi village so long as they did not interfere with developments in Tokyo, where their native successors would be trained under more modern auspices. By this time, they are nearly all dead or superannuated.

Those of the older men who had seen the light, with the help of newcomers who had the confidence of

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the Boards, set out to make all things new. Native and missionary began "learning from one another." The Japanese learned mathematics, English, science, engineering, medicine and enough of the military arts to shorten their time as conscripts and to fit them to become reserve officers. The missionaries acquired a new technique in the art of playing both ends against the middle. They set up great schools and colleges, with comfortable and, sometimes, ostentatiously luxurious quarters for themselves, getting the Government to license them on the strict understanding that religion should be excluded from their curricula: while representing them to their American constituencies as efficient vehicles for the spread of their tenets. They learned to erect other institutions upon somewhat similar terms.

Had Japan been a backward country, without schools or hospitals, as China was, or as some parts of Africa are, such institutions could have been made a powerful evangelistic agency, since they could have imparted secular instruction upon their own terms. Japan, though not backward, was relatively poor and, though bent upon the acquirement of modern secular knowledge, was expending a large proportion of the national budget upon armaments. The authorities were, therefore, glad to be relieved of a part of the burden of education and medicine by the expenditure, in these departments, of mission money. It is tremendously significant that they did not feel themselves in a position to accept this relief from institutions which included religion in their curricula. Taking their point of view, one can scarcely accuse them of moral turpitude. They never compelled the missionaries to maintain the institutions: and the eagerness of the latter to do so, under the conditions laid down, may easily have astonished them.

This diversion of funds and energy from evangelistic to institutional work had several consequences. I mention two: (1) Money was now often handled in lump sums which, even if subject to some attrition *en route*, were still impressive in the amounts actually expended upon the objects for which they were given. (2) The number of "lay missionaries," at first regarded as auxiliary to the preachers, gradually increased until, now, it is much the larger. This was due, in part, to the supposed necessity for teachers in the schools and for doctors and nurses in the hospitals. It was also a consequence of the rise of the consecrated laymen to positions of influence in the home boards. These had often rubbed ministers the wrong way and had, in return, been frequently piqued by them. Not content with serving tables, they had intruded upon the ministry of the word. They devoted a certain amount of time to pleasant tours of inspection in foreign parts: some more time to delivering inspirational talks in America about the joy of service and the delights of "giving till it hurts." (When "Give till it hurts" showed signs of wear, it gave place to "Give till it stops hurting.") They even occupied the rostra at conferences of ministers and seminary students with a view to pepping them up and teaching them practical common sense. Generally they used the language of big business, in a holy way, until the War. Then they began talking about strategy, objectives, home and field bases. They regarded the missionaries as the "army in the field," themselves as the supreme command at home. When it seemed as if they were about to get all the money they asked for in any one connection,

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they said it looked as though they were going over the top.

The great earthquake of 1923 came as a godsend. At first glance, it may not look much like practical common sense that this catastrophe found them, in an earthquake country, uninsured against earthquakes. But perhaps it was. "Let us," they cried, "rise up and build." (Nehemiah ii, 18.) The amounts expended upon rebuilding were considerably in excess of the value of the properties destroyed (which need not, by itself, have been culpable): and, of course there was the overhead. The use of the expression *overhead* is one of the consecrated layman's most efficient contributions toward the practical financing of missions.

The idea that he was just as good at holiness and exhortation as any minister and was possessed, in addition, of a monopoly of practical common sense, tended to give the consecrated layman a low view of the ministerial commission. He resented anything like clericalism upon the part of those who bore it and sought to reproduce his own kind in the mission field. Sometimes, too, he had protégées—his own and those of supporters—to take care of.

THE comments of the *Laymen's Inquiry* upon all this strike me as being very mild. What they have so far published with regard to Japan seems to err on the side of understatement. They gently suggest that too many people are employed in the financial administration of missions: in particular that there are too many field treasurers. They could have said a great deal more upon that point without sighting the limits of truth. Their recommendations, if adopted, would wipe out at least a dozen lay jobs in Japan alone, not to mention the home base and other lands in heathen darkness lying: but they are just enough impracticable in detail, and take just enough color from doctrinal objectives, to make it possible for officials (whose own doctrinal regularity is not their strong point) to draw a whole school of red herring across their own path. For it is quite obvious, to any one acquainted with the situation, that the laymen are, at times, a little lacking in practical common sense.

But, taking the point of view that the conversion of Japan to American Protestantism is a thing to be desired, it strikes me that the following suggestions ought to seem constructive and practicable.

(1) Let all bodies now constituents of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America follow the example already set by the United Church of Canada, and join to set up a single Department of Missions for that organization. Since they subscribe to its formulæ and recognize each other's ministries, and since it has been done in Canada by a body with which they are in full communion, this ought, surely, to seem possible. The staff of such a Department need not be more than half again as large as that of any of the larger Boards which it would absorb. Home overhead would be enormously reduced and many a consecrated layman could return, with conscience clear, to making his fortune in the business world.

(2) Retire all field treasurers save one in each country. Retire, also, every layman engaged upon work which could be done, for less money, by a native: granting liberal pensions to those over fifty and to any beneath that age who, in consequence of their missionary service, have been rendered incapable of earning a living at home.

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This should result in a great and progressive reduction in the salary-pension budget. If the foregoing and next following suggestion were adopted, this budget might easily be halved at once.

(3) Pay no salaries to missionaries whose private incomes are greater than the stipulated salary: or to any missionary possessing property with a readily convertible value of more than one hundred thousand dollars. Do not augment smaller private incomes to amounts in excess of stipulated salaries. Mercenaries can not make good missionaries.

(4) Stick to the prediction that the "native churches" in Japan and China will be self-supporting (or, alternatively, that missions will have failed) in thirty years and, in the light of this belief, arrange to wind up the whole business in A.D. 1964. With this end in view: (a) appoint no more young missionaries. There are some now in the field who will not have reached the age of retirement in 1964. (Besides, the appointment of missionaries from a later generation might result in another change of objective and so hold up the programme.) With this measure adopted, death and superannuation will effect a progressive reduction of personnel. (b) Reduce, inexorably, all other budgets by three and one third per cent *per annum* of the amounts provided in the year 1934.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THOSE readers who have followed the wanderings of the Landscaper up and down the earth know already his deep interest in Spain and in everything that goes on in the Iberian Peninsula. Kept away from the country by force of circumstances since just before the Revolution, he writes this number of the department looking out across a wide stretch of the blue Bay of Biscay, with the agreeable thunders of the surf on the principal beach at Santander as an accompaniment to the thoughts that have been collected from far travels in the Peninsula and talks with all sorts of people. It is incredibly peaceful here, with an International University going full blast in the Palace of the Magdalena, once enjoyed by Alfonso XIII, and now filled with students from many countries, and the exciting political news in the papers every day has a strangely remote air, as if the possibility of a change in government—even a Socialist dictatorship—could have no effect whatever upon the life of this haven of rest and pleasant people.

But Life Goes On

EVERY day life in Spain has always had a way of going on undisturbed by changes in government, even by such radical changes as have taken place here since the Monarchy was deposed. The ancient Spanish cynicism about governments, expressed in the prayer: "God protect the present government, because the next one would be worse," offers a kind of insulation against political upheavals, and amid the peace and beauty of this place one recalls the remarks of a Catalán in Barcelona, who answered a few words of praise of his city and province with the statement that everything in Spain was all right except the government, and that his native Catalonia, which used to have one bad government, now had two. This was a reference, of course, to the autonomous state set up after the coming of the Republic. A taxicab driver in Madrid expressed his feelings by saying that things were much better under the Monarchy, for, he declared, there was more work to be had, and far more liberty. "Now, *señor*, one can not move a foot without stumbling over a policeman." A distinguished musician said to the Landscaper that no one in the Peninsula was satisfied with the existing state of affairs, and that the Cortes was able to do nothing, because of the ineffectiveness of the intellectual leaders and the selfishness of the radical elements.

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Praise for Azaña

SET over against these opinions is a remark made by Ambassador Claude Bowers, during a conversation the Landscaper had in the Embassy in Madrid, which was to the effect that considering the magnitude of the effort of the leaders of the new State, their accomplishment was nothing short of amazing, and that if they continued to push ahead as fast as they had since they came into power and to realize, even approximately, the reforms they were trying to accomplish, without bloodshed, their achievement would be without a parallel in human history. This from a student of the early days of the American Republic is important. Mr. Bowers expressed his great admiration for the political genius of Azaña, the leader of the Republican forces, a man, he said, of courage, foresight and skill, who had done more to hold things together than any one else in the country.

The Centrifugal Forces

THE old question of racial minorities is at the moment one of the most vexing and difficult. Catalonia, where agitation has gone on for years either for an autonomous state, or for complete separation from the rest of Spain, has set an example for the other regions where separatist movements exist. The Basque country, of which the principal centres are San Sebastian and Bilbao, is agitating for an autonomous government, and the same thing is true of Galicia, the province that lies directly to the north of Portugal. Contrary to the general opinion, Spain has never been a closely united country, with a homogenous population; the Spaniard is an individualist to the last degree and feels his local loyalties far more deeply than any obligation to his country or to a central government. The problem is further complicated by the variety of languages spoken in the Peninsula; in Barcelona today most of the street signs are in Catalán, and this ancient language, a sister in the Romance family has been revived to such an extent that one hears little else in the district. The Basques, as a part of their programme for a return to the *fueros*, or special rights, which they enjoyed until the third quarter of the Nineteenth Century, are busy with propaganda for their own peculiar tongue, which is like no other language in Europe, and which is in all probability the sole survival of the language of the Iberians, with wide modifications, of course. The language of Galicia, more like Portuguese than Spanish, is also a sister of the Romance group, and like Basque, had almost died out except as a spoken tongue until the recent revival.

A United States of Spain

GALICIA votes this autumn upon the question of an autonomous state; the Basque provinces will inevitably make their choice unless something entirely unexpected comes up to change the picture. Valencia, where the written language is like the Catalán of Barcelona, but where the spoken language shows considerable differences, is also discussing the possibility of a division, and so the centrifugal forces that have always been troublesome in the Peninsula, especially at a time of political crisis, are steadily at work. "Our ideal," said a Catalán, who, although a concierge at an hotel, had a clear understanding of the situation, at least from his own point of view, "is a United States of Spain, in which each of the

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provinces shall be equal." He was not troubled by the diversity of languages and culture, a diversity which does not exist, of course, in the United States. "But where would Spain be if all this happened?" said a loyal Castilian to the Landscaper, "no more than the central plateau surrounded by virtually independent small nations speaking different languages and jealous of each other, and more than anything else, jealous of the central government?"

It is not possible here to explain fully the reasons for this state of affairs, which must be found in histories of Spain, but the actual situation is serious, and no matter how much sympathy one may feel for the regionalistic ambitions of Catalonians, Basques and Galicians, there remains the danger that their plans may Balkanize Spain, and may, by weakening the power of the central government, retard the progress that the leaders of the Republic hoped for during all the long months they worked for the new régime. The three peoples mentioned are all completely contradictory in their general characteristics to the accepted picture of Spain and the Spaniards; they are hard-working, all of them, and the Catalonians are eminently successful as business men and directors of large industries. They are often spoken of with a good deal of scorn by Spaniards as the Yankees of Spain, and money-grubbers, and yet Barcelona, the capital is not only one of the busiest cities in Europe, but also one of the most beautiful and charming, with a great deal of character, and every provision made for the enjoyment of life by its inhabitants. Of late, it has had a crime wave of sizable proportions, so that the Spaniards are beginning to call it "Little Chicago," but the casual visitor is no more conscious of its bombings and robberies than is the peaceful resident of New York of the activities of the gangsters.

Anarchists in Barcelona

THE strongly individualistic tendencies of the Spaniards have helped to support anarchist and syndicalist movements in Barcelona and other industrial centres, such as Bilbao, and members of these organizations have naturally taken advantage of the political situation to burst into all sorts of activities. In fact, one of the most interesting and significant things to be seen in going from San Sebastian to Barcelona is the contrast between the reading matter on the billboards, with the Basques insisting upon a state which would have complete loyalty to the church as one of its fundamental tenets, and the Catalonians—at least, the radical element—pleading for the establishment of a completely Communistic state and wiping out of religion. The Basques in general remain loyal to the church, since they are essentially conservative and since theirs is a practical, non-fanatical type of worship; the anti-clerical agitation centres elsewhere.

Actually, newspaper stories of burned churches and monasteries and exiled priests give an exaggerated picture of the religious situation in Spain, where thousands continue their devotions uninterruptedly, and where in the opinion of well-informed people some of the extreme measures against church schools have been taken for the sake of political expediency, and will not be enforced, except nominally.

Churches Remain Open

IN A good many instances, priests have been allowed to continue to operate their schools by giving up memberships

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in the various orders, and it is the current opinion that religious instruction in church schools of this sort will not be interfered with, except, of course, in the case of a Socialist dictatorship, which might be expected to provoke an eventual swing back toward the right in the event of extremely repressive measures. Certainly it is a fact that many of the churches are still filled; the Landscaper was not able to notice any diminution in the congregations in places which he had known for several years, such as that jewel of Catalán Gothic, Santa María del Mar, in Barcelona, and the tiny little thousand-year-old church of San Pablo, with its miniature cloister, preserves its record of use for ten centuries. This is not to say that a number of churches have not been burned, some of them fine monuments, but the remarkable thing about the establishment of the Spanish Republic is that it has been managed with a minimum of loss of life or destruction of property of any sort. The present Government is hard at work on a programme of public school instruction, and this will go through, no matter what changes are made in the control of affairs in Madrid, a prophecy which leaves out the possibility of a return to the Monarchy. One shrewd observer of affairs in Madrid said there were no more Monarchists left in the country except the ancient aristocracy and the American colony, and added that the members of the latter tried hard to give the impression that all their spare time had been spent in the delightful presence of Alfonso XIII.

A Busy Country

TO THE outward eye, at least, Spain seems to have suffered less from the world crisis than other countries. One sees little or nothing of the sort of thing that had become a commonplace in the United States before the N.R.A. came into being, namely rows of empty stores and towns and cities plastered with signs advertising bankrupt sales. Barcelona seems as busy as ever, and Madrid is a perfect beehive of activity, with a great central railway station being built under the Castellana, one of the handsomest of the city's thoroughfares, with new suburbs springing up in every direction, and elaborate new buildings under way in the business district. Empty shops hardly exist, although some of the dealers in antiques have had to quit, and there is a bustling, industrious air about the whole town which makes it seem to be on more or less of a boom. Æsthetically, the results of the new building leave much to be desired, and the new suburbs are as ugly as all suburbs seem to have to be. Madrid has skyscrapers, some of the most inexcusable ever erected, and it can hardly be said that the new buildings along the Gran Vía are much to look at; there is too much bad baroque, and the eye longs for something simple and good, something that has the thrilling beauty of pure line and proportion. But good or bad, the buildings are going up, and people are at work. In contrast, there seem to be more beggars than ever, and peddlers of everything under the sun, in particular neckties, disturb the peace of sidewalk cafés.

The Modern Touch

IN KINDNESS to the new suburbs it must be said that whole blocks of houses have gone up since the dry season set in, so there is no green to break the burned look of the Castilian earth. But the houses, many of them modernistic, and

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looking as odd in the middle of ancient Spain as do the skyscrapers of Madrid, are not at all bad, and north of the city a large number of residential sections have grown up with pretty villas and every sign of activity in real estate, such as we have not seen in the United States for several years. Madrid takes on more and more the air of a new city, which it is by Spanish standards, as it was not until the time of Philip III that it amounted to anything. "A collection of mud huts near the Manzanares," was one traveler's description of it at the time it was chosen to be the capital in place of the older Valladolid. It lacks the distinct character of Barcelona, where one steps off the wide and pleasant *ramblas* that run through the town into a network of narrow streets, with fine and interesting buildings around almost every corner, including fascinating medieval palaces.

Madrid Has a Beach

Some more of the ex-King's possessions have passed into the hands of the people near Madrid; the spacious grounds of the royal hunting lodge of El Pardo have been turned into a public park, and the Manzanares, which is hardly more than a creek in summer, dammed to make lakes for swimming. "La Playa de Madrid," was one of the first signs that caught the Landscaper's eye upon arriving in the city, who thought at once that the "beach" must be near a swimming pool, but the Republic has performed at least one miracle by making a lake out of the little river. It brought to mind one of Mayor Hylan's howlers, when, welcoming a visiting Spaniard, he said the United States ought to send a warship up the Manzanares to pay the respects of this country to Spain.

These rambling remarks have nothing whatever to do with the literary landscape, but they lead up to the observation that at the moment a minimum of literature of importance is being produced anywhere in the Iberian peninsula. It is hardly a time for great work, with everything in a state of confusion, or, to say the least, transition.

Writers as Rulers

The older generation of writers, which helped to bring about the present change in government, has occupied itself largely with political or governmental matters since the advent of the Republic, and little or no work has been produced by such established authors as Perez de Ayala, now Ambassador to Great Britain, Ramón del Valle-Inclan, at present in Rome, and various others, Miguel de Unamuno among them. José Ortega y Gassét has come closer sticking to his last, and the great success of his recent *The Revolt of the Masses* has made him one of the most interesting figures in contemporary Spain for Americans. He has been for a long time one of the clearest thinkers in the Peninsula, with none of the nebulousness of Unamuno and none of the brilliant superficiality of Salvador de Madariaga, the latter now Ambassador to France, and still as much interested as ever in the affairs of the League of Nations. Of the generation that followed the Ganivet-Ayala-Baroja-Maeztu group in prominence, but little is heard; the poets are mostly engaged in teaching, several of them here at the International University, and the prose writers are busy with newspapers and magazines and political pamphlets. Thus the present literary production of Spain is at a very low ebb so far as outside interest is concerned,

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which is not surprising, as the writers are busy trying to deal with life just now, and life in Spain, unless they could be satisfied to return to the novel of tradition, has not "jelled" sufficiently to be written about in universal terms. In other words, this is the epoch of the magazine and the newspaper throughout the world, for good or bad, and Spain is definitely in the main current of world events.

In Catalonia, Also

A PROMISING group of younger Catalán writers, about whom the Landscaper first heard in 1926, has also turned its attention to writing for newspapers and reviews or to active participation in politics, with the result that except for a recent outburst of poetry, in which the Catalán Renaissance has been rich, little or nothing is coming out of this extremely active and intellectually alert corner of Spain. In Galicia also there are new poets who write in the language of the province, and in the Basque country, whose works are of interest, but who have done nothing of any great importance up to the present. So all this leaves the literary landscape in this part of the world devoid of any outstanding peaks, and it would take a rash spirit to predict how long it would take for affairs to reach a settled enough state to give Spain a chance to resume its rightful place in the world of letters. However, one of its greatest fascinations is that throughout its history there have been eruptions of genius, as in the Century of Gold, which gave Cervantes to the world, the one supreme and purely Spanish genius the Peninsula has produced. Perhaps the most striking feature of the present lack of literary activity is in the direction of fiction of even medium quality, such as England and America produce in such profusion; the novel seems to have run even thinner here than in France, where as poor as most of the fiction has been for several years, it is higher in quality than the Spanish product of the same period. Whether it matters about novels in the mass is, of course, another question; the Landscaper has read several thousand in the last few years that might just as well have not been written, and many of them would not have been written except for the chance of financial success, which is withheld from Spanish writers, because their public is limited by the high illiteracy and poverty in the Peninsula.

A Comfortable Country

PERHAPS, then, it is just as well to turn our attention again to life and let literature take care of itself. There are some general observations about Spain as a country to visit that may be worth making, partly with the desire to correct certain false impressions that may have kept people away who would otherwise have found the greatest pleasure in the country and the people—some do and some do not. First of all, the old stories of Spain as a country of dirt and inconvenience, with bad hotels and impossible train service, may be wiped out except for a very few places where the casual visitor would not be likely to go anyway. Under Primo de Rivera, the Patronato Nacional de Turismo began the work of making the country as attractive as possible to tourists, and the change that has come about in the past seven years is remarkable. It is not only that all the towns of importance have first class hotels, but that these same towns and the smaller ones provide perfectly comfortable accommodations for

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the visitor at prices that are as reasonable as anything to be found in Europe today. For example, the Landscaper stayed in a small, clean Basque hotel in San Sebastian, facing the beach, for a little less than $1.50 a day, three excellent meals and a small room, and here in Santander the rates are quite as low, with more than one of the rooms facing the whole sweep of the Atlantic, sunny, cool and filled with salt air. This is not to say that such hotels can supply rooms with private baths, or even with running water in all cases, but these accommodations may be had for those able to pay the price, and the less expensive places, particularly along the Bay of Biscay, serve good meals, with an abundance of fresh sea food and native fruit, including the famous melons of Valencia, which taste like the aroma of an exotic perfume.

The Long Train Trips

THERE are buses to be had going nearly everywhere, and the roads are good. The train trips, if one chooses to make the larger centres in long hops, are not to be too highly recommended, but they are long for no other reason than that Spain is mountainous from one end to the other and no better time can be expected. Naturally, first class passengers can make even these long journeys in reasonable comfort, and frequently without any company to speak of. Second class, too, is clean and satisfactory, and not infrequently third class is possible even for those who can not forget their comfort in the delight of talking to people of all varieties and finding out what the Spaniard who has not been changed by travel or association with outsiders is like. He needs no suggestion to explain himself; the Landscaper had a ride of this sort recently with a Communist deputy from Barcelona, on his way up to Madrid to the Cortes and heard everything there was to hear about the deputy's Masonic affiliations and his "nobility," and also about the future of Spain, which, he said, lay in the exact direction taken by Russia. "Do you know who Trotsky is?" he said, with a most portentous air. Without waiting for an answer: "Well, he was in Barcelona yesterday, and he will soon be Ambassador to Madrid, Ambassador to the Third Republic." A bloodthirsty deputy in words, who had all the manners of a Spanish peasant, and there are none better, and who was as courteous to the two Americans traveling with him as if he had been especially appointed to see that everything went well with them.

The Same Spaniards

IN OTHER words, the Republic and all its political difficulties have not made any deep or real alteration in the spirit of the people themselves, and will not, for one of the most striking of Spanish paradoxes is the existence of a real Spain and a political Spain side by side throughout long years, the two hardly affecting each other at all, and this at once a good thing for the survival of many of the Spaniard's choicest qualities and a bad thing for the success of his governments.

One hears very little of American literary movements this far away, except that the famous island Paradise of Mallorca seems in a fair way to returning to its earlier state, before it was "discovered" and before the unfortunate movement of "exiles" from the cafés of Montparnasse and elsewhere in Europe took place. Four years ago it was one of the most heavenly places in the world, with every natural beauty

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that any one could wish, a fine climate, and people of unusual charm, even for Spaniards, handsome, clean and without enough familiarity with the outside world to be otherwise than universally friendly. This is not hearsay, for the Landscaper walked over many of the remote parts of the island, and spent whole days with the natives. Then a few Americans lived on the island, painting and writing and minding their own business; a large English colony at El Terreno, near Palma, had been actively engaged in attending to its own affairs for generations.

And Then the Deluge

THEN came the deluge; word got around that the island was one of the cheapest places in the world to live, and swarms of people moved in. Most of them were Americans, whose manners can be as bad as any manners in the whole world, Americans who thought an island Paradise was the best place to get drunk as often as possible, this being a singularly American idea of a good time, and so it went; night clubs in Palma, pink and purple pajamas in the streets, American newspapers and American journalists with no more manners than to take advantage of the cheap living to write highly critical articles about the Mallorcans.

This brief sketch of a tragedy culminated not long ago in the arrest and imprisonment of five Americans, including a woman. All they did was to strike a member of Spain's National Constabulary, the Guardia Civil, and why shouldn't people who have had too much to drink strike a policeman if they want to? At home it can be done, but in Spain a Civil Guard is an army man, whose sworn duty it is to keep order, and whose person is sacred, because he is in constant danger, so the Americans went to jail and stayed there several weeks, amid great indignation on the part of some people who did not know the facts, and some others whose point of view seemed to be that the Mallorcans had no business interfering with the pleasure of their guests. One American woman, who wrote indignantly to a newspaper in Paris that she had been grossly mistreated in Palma, without specifying the mistreatment, suggested that the United States send a battleship at once, and shell the city unless the five prisoners were released.

Money and Manners

WHAT all this comes to is just this: something ought to be done to teach Americans and all other foreigners that they are receiving the hospitality of the countries in which they travel, no matter how often they tell themselves that all intangible obligations have been canceled by the use of money. Mallorca was advertised to some extent before the Grand Rush, but not overadvertised, the hotels were good and reasonable, and the people, leading their peaceful lives, seemed well enough pleased to have strangers about without any particular thought about how much money they were spending. And so if the island gets a lovely black eye with the tourist trade because of all this adverse publicity, it is very hard to feel otherwise than happy over the situation; the people who will stay away because they don't feel they can get drunk as often as they want to might better stay at home anyhow, especially with the fine prospect of plenty of domestic liquor in sight before long.

One more thought about Spain as a place to travel: the commonly accepted

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notion that the country is too hot to visit in summer is something else that needs correction. It is not so hot in Madrid in midsummer as in most of the Southern States of North America; it is reasonably cool in Barcelona except for a few hours in the middle of the day when the sun is at its hottest, and along this Northern coast there are times in the late afternoons when a topcoat would be comfortable in the month of August. In other words, any one expecting to come to the country who can stand anything like the heat of New York in the summer will find it comfortable enough, and with an abundant supply of ice, iced drinks, including several popular American brands, and good ice cream on almost every street corner.

Having divulged all the information possible about this most delightful of countries, the Landscaper hopes that if any one takes advantage of it, he will leave his American thirst for hard liquor at home. It is a strictly sober country, and officials and populace are likely to be upset by a sight that would bring no more notice in New York than another empty skyscraper.

Next month the rambles will be over and a good look will be taken at the American literary landscape.

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